

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED
IN
1855

No. 4128. Vol. 158
8 DECEMBER, 1934

• The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

For God, King and Country

THE WAR ON RELIGION

THE League of the Militant Godless and the Communist International, which all work in the closest co-operation, have instituted a complete network of propaganda throughout the other countries of the world:

"SEMINARIES in Moscow, and elsewhere, are training groups of men with a view to sending them out into other countries, and reports to hand from the Dominions, the United States and many other countries show how effectively this is being done.

"ANOTHER disturbing factor is that sixty powerful Soviet radio stations are spreading their propaganda over the entire world."

THE following quotation indicates the official support which is given in Soviet Russia to the work of the Union of Militant Godless:—

"THE Soviet Union under a workers' and peasants' government is the only country in the world where religion and the churches are being combatted with the active co-operation of the Government."—"The Church and the Workers," by Bennett Stevens.

AND the following is an extract from "Religion in the U.S.S.R." by the President of the Union of the Militant Godless in Russia. It shows the intensity with which the anti-God campaign is being waged:

"AN anti-religious centre must be created to assist the Communist Parties of all countries to guide this constantly growing movement against religion and the clergy, because this is a part of the class struggle and as such is not only meritable, but an essential part of the struggle against

the Capitalist world—part of the struggle for Communism.

"THE Five Year Plan, which maps out our economic construction, is riveted to another and a concurrent Five Year Plan designed to tear up the roots of religion. The vast army of exploiters and priests of all the religious creeds all over the world realise that the day when the earth will tremble beneath their feet is drawing near. That is why the rise of the mass Atheist movement imposes upon the Communist Parties the task of increasing the anti-religious struggle."

THE League of Socialist Freethinkers was originally called the League of Militant Atheists, but at a conference held in 1933 a change of name was suggested. Speeches made in the course of its activities are very instructive. Thus Mr. Harry Pollitt, Chairman of the Communist Party of Great Britain announced.

"ONE must explain and use for our cause the fact that religion is a class weapon . . . let us get into the factories and Trades Unions and into every phase of cultural reaction and religion."

COMRADE Professor Maurice Dobb, of Cambridge University, declared on the same day: "In the L.S.F. it is possible to rally to us, not yet politically conscious, the younger scientists and young students. By plain facts we can explain the connection and that the seizure of power is the only way out. When we have a Classless Society there will be no longer any need to invent systems of Dope that keep a class society going."

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	482-484	ONE OF THE BULLDOG BREED— <i>A Naval Corre-</i>	
LOVE CONQUERS ALL— <i>Lady Houston, D.B.E.</i>	485	<i>spondent</i>	496
AFTER IRELAND—INDIA— <i>Kim</i>	486	PUNCH—AND LADY HOUSTON	497
ME AND MY COALLEAGUE— <i>Saturday Reviewer</i>	487	BOOK REVIEWS	498-501
THE END OF THE WAR DEBTS— <i>Francis Gribble</i>	488	THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK	502-504
CONSIDER THE AIRSHIP— <i>Boyd Cable</i>	489	CORRESPONDENCE	505-506
BALDWIN PLAYS WITH FIRE— <i>Robert Machray</i>	490	THEATRE NOTES— <i>Russell Gregory</i>	507
THE INDIAN SCENE— <i>Hamadryad</i>	491	MUSIC & GRAMOPHONE NOTES— <i>Herbert Hughes</i>	508-509
THE RED, RED ROUTE TO NORTH RUSSIA	492-493	BROADCASTING	509
A RAMSHACKLE CONSTITUTION— <i>Sir Michael</i>		CITY	510-511
<i>O'Dwyer</i>	493-494	CINEMA— <i>Mark Forrest</i>	512
EVE IN PARIS	495	MOTORING— <i>Sefton Cummings</i>	512

Notes of the Week

A Word to Mr. Baldwin

You spoke contemptuously of "the party dog-fight of the old days," and declared that there was no prospect of going back to it. Yet it was the old days of the party dog-fight that made England and the British Empire great and glorious.

If the Conservative Party is such a contemptible thing, and if parties are no longer needed in politics, how is it that you announced that you accepted the India Committee Report "as Leader of the Conservative Party with a full sense of responsibility?" For you the Conservative Party does not exist. So you obtained a vote for a policy utterly opposed to all Conservative principles by 1,102 votes to 390.

Yet an independent commentator in a Liberal newspaper remarks that "the vote does not reflect accurately the real Conservative view of this question; nor did the speeches suggest a tithe of the resentment I heard expressed afterwards in the corridors by baffled delegates." He adds that you, Mr. Baldwin, were not altogether ignorant of this deep undercurrent of hostility.

"Resentment," "baffled delegates," "undercurrent of hostility"—these words suggest that you have transferred the dog-fight to the heart of your own party, all for the *beaux yeux* of a Socialist Premier.

**

Ceylon's Slow-Down

It is rather disconcerting for all those supporters of the Government, who accept the paper "Safe-guards" in the India Joint Select Committee's Report as satisfactory, that Ceylon should rear her Medusa head and flash at this particular moment! The Executive Committee of the Ceylon National Congress now demand complete control of national finance, the removal of all British high officials, and limitation of the Gover-

nor's reserved powers. As our Government, without any mandate from the nation gave Ceylon to her politicians, they will have to go the whole hog or else reconquer the island.

Meantime, British business suffers and life in Ceylon is in perpetual tension. Of course, the same thing will happen in India, but will be magnified a thousand times. The older we get, the more we feel that democratic enthusiasts should be kept in mental homes.

**

Shades of "Joe"!

We are sure that if that great Imperialist Joe Chamberlain had been alive, the Birmingham members would not have been throwing in their weight for the disintegration of the Empire, for he would quickly have called them to heel. Birmingham once stood out beyond any other city for a strong Conservatism, and yet the old members have shown sagging at the knees in regard to the India Report. Sir Austin Chamberlain and his brother Neville have gone towards the left, and they have been followed by Mr. L. S. Amery, once a pillar of the Empire, and also by "Pat" Hannon, whose conversion astonished everybody. Perhaps to solve the puzzle we must wait a bit, but we hear from the Midland Capital that at the next General Election a great many erstwhile "Safe" seats will go the other way. This kind of rattling is not going to assist Birmingham's trade with India.

**

What Does Mr. Baldwin Mean?

Mr. Baldwin, we will confess, has never appealed to us as a profound student of Imperial politics. But we should like to know what he meant when he told the delegates at the Council Meeting at Queen's Hall that a "curious accusation" had been made that the Government had no mandate to give self-government to India. He said that "having regard to our domestic politics, you cannot get a mandate on a subject of this kind without a referendum." The audience were too polite to heckle him, but certainly if you can get

a referendum you can get a mandate. Does Mr. Baldwin mean that politicians can stand for election on trivial domestic issues only and then proceed to bring in Bills to break up the Empire or anything else they desire? If he didn't mean this, what did he intend? It is certainly time that Conservatives put a stop to any leader using their votes for any policy that appeals to him without any mandate whatever. Incidentally, what a reflection on democratic institutions!

••

R.A.F. Expansion Delays

We take leave to doubt whether the 300 additional military aircraft promised by Mr. Baldwin by the end of 1936 will actually have materialised by that date. Too late as usual, he has apparently awakened to the vital urgency of this matter. Certainly very exceptional measures will have to be taken by the Air Minister if they are to form, equip, man and find accommodation for thirty squadrons in the time specified.

The production of engines and airframes can be expedited without undue difficulty, but the provision of the highly complex navigational and other instruments essential to modern military aircraft is another matter and they cannot be produced by mass production methods. Moreover, there are grave doubts as to whether there are adequate mobilisation reserves—or the means of providing them—even for the present establishment.

Nor can trained personnel be provided at short notice. It is manifestly impossible to build and establish new pilots' training schools for navigation and gunnery—in addition to flying—in less than three years.

••

Tinkering with Vital Issues

Temporary buildings at existing stations or new sites may solve the accommodation question and it is apparently the intention of the Air Ministry to provide these. That, of course, means additional expense and justifies the fears of increased cost as a result of delay. It is only too apparent that the present scheme is merely tinkering with the vital issues at stake. The whole question of adequate war reserves of all equipment and material appears to have been neglected and lost sight of in this last minute panic rush to provide additional squadrons which, without such mobilisation reserves, are little better than paper safeguards.

••

Dicky Dick

The Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard is a deservedly popular person, generally referred to as "Dick." Most Dicks have been popular figures, even Dick Turpin. Mr. Sheppard does not want war (nor do we) and has been asking people to send, on a postcard, support for his declaration, "I renounce

war, and never again directly or indirectly, will I support or sanction another."

Will Mr. Sheppard tell us—on a postcard if he likes—what would be his attitude in the event of an invasion of this country by the godless hordes of Soviet Russia? They would show no mercy to man, woman, or child, and they would be relentless in their determination to suppress, as they have in their own country, any form of the Christian religion. Would Mr. Sheppard like to see St. Paul's Cathedral, of which he is now a canon, turned into a Hall of Anti-Christ?

••

German Re-armament

Apart from the question of India, the most significant feature of the week is the general acknowledgment and acceptance of the fact in England that Germany has rearmed to an unknown but really formidable extent. Admittedly, another and very important part of the Versailles Treaty has gone by the board—a great success for Hitler and his régime. M. Laval, speaking in the Chamber of Deputies last week, said that France did not intend to accept the *de facto* situation created by the rearmament of Germany. As the rearmament is a *fait accompli*, however, it is difficult to see any particular point in what he said. What remains is the most discomfiting truth that German rearmament is the open and recognised menace to peace in Europe, and it is not at all safe to set against it the reported unrest in Germany because of the rivalries of the Reichswehr and the S.S. Troops. Adequate preparation is our only safety.

••

The Saar Agreement

It is, of course, good news that a settlement has been reached on the economic questions connected with the Saar, and that there is a better prospect of a tranquil plebiscite next month. But it is open to doubt whether an agreement of this kind would ever have been assented to by Hitler if publicity had not beaten so fiercely on the terroristic activities of his followers in the Saar itself, and if France had not announced that her troops were ready, if necessary, to enforce peace and order. Mr. Knox, the head of the Commission, deserves high credit for his successful effort at keeping the scales as even as possible between the various parties.

••

Tension at Geneva

It is true that the Saar Agreement makes the situation at Geneva somewhat easier, but, on the other hand, the League continues to be seriously embarrassed by the unassuaged bitterness of the controversy between Yugoslavia and Hungary, occasioned by the accusations brought by the former against the latter in connection with King

Alexander's murder. The Yugoslav Government persists in rejecting the counsels of moderation pressed on it by our own Government and that of France. It is credibly reported that when Prince Paul, the Yugoslav R gent, was in London, he was urged to modify the Yugoslav demands, but he replied that any attempt of that kind would inevitably result in a revolution! And Hungary is just as set and determined as Yugoslavia—a nice kettle of fish.

Bunk and Our Bankers

When, or if, a Labour Government comes into power, it will start messing about with the banks. Such a prospect has never been denied, and that valuable asset to the Conservative Party, Sir Stafford Cripps, has openly announced that a grave financial crisis will accompany a Socialist victory. For the National Government to follow the Socialist example in this respect would be suicidal madness. We trust no more will be heard of the suggestion by a Mr. Vivian Smith, President of the 1912 Club, that the banks should subsidise propaganda in support of the National Government.

The matter is the more dangerous in that the suggestion was made at a dinner at which the Postmaster-General was the oratorical "star turn."

Consider the Depositors

It is not merely because we consider that the National Government is so dangerously futile that the less propaganda it receives, the better. We are violently opposed to the drawing of banks, etc., into party politics. No step could be more likely to introduce a feeling of insecurity. It would, moreover, be palpably unjust, since innumerable depositors, shareholders, and even directors would find that their money was being used in a cause with which they disagree.

That the Socialists use co-operative and trade union funds for party progress, and ignore the political feelings of a helpless minority is a poor parallel. For that is a dishonest trick wholly in keeping with the Socialist mentality.

Such Sport is Dangerous

We are not enthusiastic over the prospect of the tour in England next summer of a South African cricket team. The South Africans are fine sportsman and cricket is a fine game. But recent experience has shown that sport, so far from constituting a friendly link between either nations or the various corners of the British Empire, tends to have the reverse effect. Cricket can hardly be said to have drawn England and Australia closer together. The "Endeavour" affair caused more

bad feeling—happily only for the time being—between England and America, even than the Debt question. And a somewhat bloodthirsty football match against an Italian team is fresh in our memory. It may be only a game. But it can be a dangerous game.

"The Cat" and the Convict

That an unhappy wretch in Dartmoor has just committed suicide for fear of the "cat" is a grim incident. But its grimness has given rise to some false thinking and the usual spate of humanitarian gush. There is no reason to doubt that in this case the "cat" was deserved, and although the mere threat of it is not intended to drive a man to suicide (there is, we believe, only one other recorded instance of this), the terror such a punishment obviously inspires is a convincing proof of its efficacy as a deterrent.

Capitalists Blamed—as Usual

Political capital is, of course, being made out of the "cat" question. A correspondent in the *Daily Herald*, denying that the "cat" is a deterrent at all, has discovered in some mysterious fashion that it is the capitalist system that breeds criminals, and that under Socialism, with its "economic security," the excuse for crime would cease to exist. Economic security has never prevented, and never will, murder or any sort of crime. If it did, wealthy people would never be criminals. Are our Socialists prepared to admit that crime is the exclusive prerogative of the Proletariat?

The Shipping Subsidy

The exchequer grant of £10,000,000 towards new construction is proving unpalatable amongst ship-owners. The *quid pro quo* for such a grant is the scrapping of the two tons of old shipping for every ton of new or modernised construction. Ship-owners hold, and rightly so, that it is folly to scrap tonnage which can still compete usefully in the freight markets merely in order to build new tonnage. What is wanted is freights not construction.

In the present depressed condition of the freight market there is bound to be some idle tonnage. It would be stupid to expect otherwise. But it is a most short-sighted policy to attempt to limit tonnage to present-day freights. Any marked recovery would find us short of available tonnage, while the colossal wastage of the last war should be a warning that a big surplus is necessary if we are not again to be caught in a state where the shortage of merchant tonnage very nearly brought about a national calamity.

LOVE CONQUERS ALL

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

MERRIE England is herself again—the splendour and magnificent pageantry of the Royal Wedding has enchanted every loyal heart, and the whole Empire has felt a personal pride and a joyous spontaneous satisfaction in honouring and rejoicing in the happiness of the royal lovers, our own Prince George and Princess Marina of Greece.

AND where does Sir Stafford Cripps stand **now?** Down in the dust, where he wanted to drag his country — with his ridiculous dictatorship and his insolent, caddish remarks re Buckingham Palace.

EVERYONE in the Country has united in giving him, with one accord, two lovely black eyes, straight from the shoulder.

THE dull, dreary, dismal doctrine of the Socialist has received its death blow — killed — by the love-light shining in the eyes of our Prince for his beloved. X

After Ireland—India

By Kim

WE are not discouraged by the result of the Queen's Hall Conference. The Government packed the place with their Defeatist supporters and a genuine vote of the delegates from the constituency associations was watered accordingly. Even so, the majority for the Report was only 1,102 to 390, the minority polling 26 per cent. in support of Lord Salisbury's Amendment.

But those slavish followers of the Defeatist "leaders" did a bad day's stroke of business. It may afford them a melancholy satisfaction to have assisted in handing over India to the Congress Party, for that is what it means. The Congress Party, whose hands are stained with assassination and terrorism, the accomplices of Frontier rebellion, the organisers of anti-British boycotts, will laugh at the abject surrender while affecting a scornful disdain of the self-government offered them with the "safeguard" of a straight-waistcoat, as said Lord Salisbury, made entirely of paper.

"Your hands," cried Mr. Churchill, "having marked the ballot papers, may determine the future of our Indian Empire." Well, they marked them. Mr. Baldwin, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and the rest of the defeatists got away with it by a little less than three to one, and in doing so they have irrevocably split the Conservative Party in two.

Not Beaten Yet

For the fight has only just begun. The delegates from the constituency associations will have to account to their members for their action and sooner or later there will be a sequel to this, although let it be said that the Central Council is not a competent body to decide this question. At a time when the Government have their hands full of most vital questions, they propose in the most wanton way to destroy the Empire at its heart and to discourage the true Conservatives who have hoped almost against hope that the leaders would realise their fatal error before it was too late. But they will not carry their India policy.

Why did the delegates do it? Why did they not give ear to Lord Salisbury's wise advice to go slow? Lord Salisbury and his friends, who include those with long experience of India, with his alternatives proposal of provincial autonomy, offered a statesman-like solution of the India question. The arguments of the Defeatists had no substance at all. Take Lord Eustace Percy for instance, who declared that if the self-government proposals went slow, "you might destroy the unity of British India." He did not explain what "nity" there existed to destroy, but Lord Eustace Percy has always revealed a strong Socialistic strain.

Mr. Baldwin persuaded this docile audience, because he is the leader of the Conservative Party, and so little guts have most politicians in this

country they dare not disagree with their leader.

He thought there was "a chance of settlement," a "chance of peace." All this vast revolution is to occur in India, endangering the lives and fortunes of millions for a mere "chance." Again he said "you have a good chance of keeping the whole of that sub-continent of India in the Empire for ever." But Mr. Baldwin does not know India. He is unacquainted with the East. He is always wrong. There was the day when he thought the concession of the Free State in Ireland would make Sinn Fein friendly. He thought if this country disarmed the world would follow suit. His leadership of the Conservative Party has been a succession of disasters, culminating in this.

Sir Austen Chamberlain was there, of course. In the constituencies his name is no longer one to conjure with. He has done nothing for years to uphold Conservatism, and he was one of those who lead the Conservative Party to support the Irish treaty, which he then said was sound and satisfactory.

Blinds leaders of the blind!

An Incendiary Bomb

Sir Henry Page Croft, who has led the fight against defeatism with gallantry, put his finger on the spot. "We hear a lot about splitting the Party," he cried, "We are entitled to ask who dropped this incendiary bomb in our midst?" *It was the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.* All knew that he had decided to go on with this policy. In June, 1931, Sir Samuel Hoare, on behalf of the Conservative Party—although they had not been consulted—reserved all the principal powers of the Central Government, but later, without any reference to the Party, Mr. Baldwin, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Austen Chamberlain and all the rest of the Defeatist-crew, swallowed Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Socialist policy like a spoonful of vaseline. This was a dastardly betrayal of the Party.

We are going to say here and now that the bulk of Conservatives are not prepared to agree any longer that the revolt of the opponents of the Joint Committee Report is not directed against their present leaders. How can they follow any longer Mr. Baldwin, who has surreptitiously encouraged the surrender policy ever since he linked his fortunes with that political wrecker of the Empire, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who lurks, a sinister figure, in the background? Why should we tolerate a leader who calmly tells the Council that they cannot expect to give or withhold a mandate on such great questions as the future of India? His whole presence becomes increasingly distasteful to everyone with a spark of patriotism. He is leading the nation in the direction, as said the wise veteran Lord Carson, where "India will follow Ireland."

Me and My Coalleague

By the Saturday Reviewer

IT would be unreasonable to suppose that there are ghosts in Downing Street—only shadows, only shades. Moreover it was in the middle of the day—a dark December day with the skies full of rain, so dark that it might have been in the middle of the night. The Minister of State sat alone in the flickering firelight anxiously awaiting the result of a meeting at which he could not be present, but which nevertheless was big with his fate.

"I wonder," he murmured, "how my coalleague is getting on. He can fool them fine can my coalleague! And besides we have them in a hole. What can they do? If they decide against the advice of their leader, honest man, they think he would resign. Not that he would resign, but they think he would, and thinking for all practical purposes is the same as reality, which is good Scottish metaphysics.

"He is leading them, and I am leading him, and it all works very well. Some of those Conservatives are mulish; but they canna' help themselves; they are bound to go my way for if they break their ranks they let the Socialists in. Little do they think that the Socialists are in!" The Minister laughed in his harsh, bitter and mirthless manner, and continued his soliloquy.

"The Movement calls me a traitor—a traitor to Socialism. Me! They said I deserted them, and may be I did. But I'll yet show them, and the Masters, that I'm the best Socialist of them all.

Knock Out the Keystone!

"If India goes what remains of the Capitalist edifice? Knock out the keystone and the building cannot stand. If the Socialists had tried to do this, could they have done it? Not they! They would never have been allowed!

"But the Conservatives can do it, for people still trust them. Curious, after Ireland, that they should still be trusted. There's Austen: he betrayed his friends in Ireland and now he is doing the same for India, and still they trust him. And there's my honest Coalleague. How often he has let them down! The flappers, the widows, the Americans, the Navy, Disarmament, and now India.

"He has unbuttoned their trousers all the way round, so that they canna' move without disgracing themselves. Conservative statesmanship—it leaves nothing for the Socialists to do.

"Could the comrades have done it by themselves? India lost, Lancashire becomes Socialist, for Lancashire will lose hope as well as livelihood. When the British go out, the Russians will come in. India, the treasure-house of the world, lost to Capitalism, won for Communism. It's as good as done, and I did it, through my dear coalleague.

"Down and down and down!"

The fire was going down; the light, although it was midday, had almost faded out of the windows, leaving them like the eyes of a blind man—sightless. The Minister nodded in his chair, then raised his head and saw, as he mused, his predecessors in that room—noblemen, soldiers, statesmen.

There was Chatham, haughty, lowering, with a glance which made him quail a little; there was Pitt, his son. They seemed to stand there in the gloom: soldiers and sailors entered, officials too—Masters of the Ordnance, Lords of the Admiralty. Wolfe came in: he must take Quebec—well, he would take it, if he died. Clive looked in, and Warren Hastings to report the State of India. Wellesley, too, confident that it could be held. They took counsel together, these noblemen and commoners, these soldiers, statesmen and officials. There was talk of requirements and of squadrons.

Sneers

"Militarism!" sneered the Minister in his chair.

Beckford, Lord Mayor of London, with his schemes to make his City the centre of new trades, the centre of the world.

"Capitalism!" sneered the Minister. "Imperialism!"

There were two words which they used, these shades, as if they had almost a sacred significance. One was "England," the other "Duty."

"Patriotism!" sneered the Minister, "Bourgeois superstition!" And again, "We are changing all that."

"Yes," said the Minister opening his eyes. "We are transposing all values in this enlightened age. With them it was a virtue to arm; with us it is a virtue to disarm. They sought to make Westminster the centre of the world, we to make Geneva—or Moscow. They provided trade for the people; we teach them to look for something better—and easier. They took India for England. We propose to restore it.

"To whom?" It was only an echo. Then came a step at the door. "Ah, my dear coalleague," said the Minister of State. "I hope you had a great victory—at the meeting."

Hari-Kari

"The policy recommended by these idealists can be defined in two words, National Suicide."

Four years, four-fronted to the Strife,
Stood John Bull, fighting for his life;
Then "peace" was his; and, strange vagary,
Finds him performing the hari-kari!

[Morris Bent.]

The End of the War Debts

By Francis Gribble

B RITAIN has just received another of those demand notes which the Government of the United States sends out every six months; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer has told us that he has made no provision for the payment of the bill, and the Prime Minister has described the present state of the debts question as one of "suspended animation." Moreover, an American cable informs us that the American Treasury has announced its intention "of repaying on April 15, 1935, the sum of £374,000,000 of the fourth four-and-a-quarter per cent. Liberty Bonds," and that that payment will leave outstanding in April next, "only about £260,000,000 of those Bonds."

These items of news may seem, on the face of it, as difficult to fit together as the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle; but they are nevertheless inter-related and of great importance. What they mean is that the American debt question is now, at long last, on the eve of settlement, that the settlement is going to be advantageous to Britain and will be the result of that careful and exhaustive examination of American budgets which has been reported in the *Saturday Review*—but in no other paper.

The mistakes made when the debt was funded, and now in course of correction, may never be publicly acknowledged. They were so gross that the negotiators responsible for them will naturally be reluctant to admit them or to give the private citizens who discovered them the credit which is their due.

Taxation Surplus

The story has already been told, in part, in the *Saturday Review*. It is a story which begins in America, where certain American friends of justice and equity pointed out that the American Munitions Taxes and Excess Profits Duties had brought back into the American Treasury a certain proportion—some said an appreciable proportion—of the money debited to us as paid on our behalf to American merchants and manufacturers.

This interesting admission caught the eye of Mr. Arthur Rogers, C.B.E., of 22, Ryder Street, St. James's. He saw its significance, and decided to measure its importance—to ascertain, that is to say, whether the proportion of the loan thus recovered was large enough to be worth making a fuss about. So he commissioned Mr. Hallinan, a well-known chartered accountant, to analyse the American budgets for the relevant years and find out. As the result of researches pursued in the Library of the London School of Economics, Mr. Hallinan discovered and reported to Mr. Rogers that the amount thus recovered was in the neighbourhood of £720,000,000. Mr. Rogers duly supplied copies of that Report to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the British Consul-General

in the United States, by whom they were duly acknowledged.

Exactly what happened after that is, as one would expect, wrapped in official mystery. None of us know—or, at present, have any right to enquire—what instructions were then given to Sir Ronald Lindsay or what was said in the course of the conversations on the subject which are said to have taken place between Sir Ronald Lindsay and Mr. Cordell Hull. But certain things are clear enough. The first is that the £720,000,000 or so with which we were debited in excess of the value we received—a sum which represented, in fact, the profit made by the American Government when acting as our agent, ought never to have been included in the funded loan. The second is that all payments made by us in past years by way of interest on those profits ought to be treated as repayment of capital.

Token Payments

The third is that, since delivery of Mr. Hallinan's Report to the Treasury on January 23, 1933, both the British and the American Governments have reconsidered their attitude towards our American obligations, we on our part making only "token" payments, and the American Government agreeing to accept those token payments without accusing us of "default." And the fourth is that the amount of those token payments corresponds very closely with the amount which Mr. Hallinan's careful computations showed to be due.

Here are the figures:

1. The amount of the debt funded in 1923 was £1,444,000,000.
2. The amount which Britain has since then repaid is about £600,000,000.
3. The amount which the Americans now claim to be due to them is £815,000,000.
4. The indebtedness which the acceptance of the token payment admits is £102,000,000—the difference between the American claim and our admission being, roughly speaking, the amount of the Munitions, Taxes and Excess Profits Duties above referred to.

As we have seen, however, the Bonds representing those Taxes and Duties are now about to be cancelled, and their cancellation will reduce the nominal, as well as the real, amount of our obligations to America to that £102,000,000 on which we have been paying interest at the agreed rate of 3½ per cent.

That, it appears, is the graceful way out, found and followed as the result of that analysis of the American budgets which Mr. Hallinan undertook on behalf of Mr. Arthur Rogers; and it may be added that it is very doubtful whether we shall, in the end, be called upon to pay even the small balance of our funded loan which these enquiries show to be still owing.

Consider the Airship

By Boyd Cable

CAN we afford any longer to ignore the airship as a safe, reliable and fast method of air transport? Ought we now to reconsider the decision that they were no good, made when the wreck of R101 completed a long list of disastrous efforts?

In recent years we have seen little of the Graf Zeppelin and have, therefore, paid little heed to the steady performance it has been putting up in long-distance flights. It may come as a shock when we find next year—as is highly probable—a regular fortnightly or even weekly service being run between Europe and America with the seven or eight-year old Graf and the new Zepp. of double capacity to be completed next spring.

It is reported that the U.S. Government has agreed to the use of their naval air base at Lakehurst, and that the German 'ship may either use our mooring mast at Cardington or cut England out of the run.

It will astonish many who have written off the airship as slow, unwieldy, useless against head or side winds, to know that on the figures of proved performance (over the past three years especially), even the old Graf could handsomely beat the best of our present or projected long distance air mail services.

Consider these cold figures. By the end of last year the Graf had made over 350 trips, totalling about 465,000 miles in 7,432 hours at an average speed of 62 m.p.h., and carrying an average of 26 passengers and 372 lbs. of mail and freight—a good load for the present 'ship's capacity.

Five Days to Rio

In 1932, 1933 and 1934 she was used almost exclusively on the South American service, with some "show the flag" flights in 1932 to Switzerland, Holland and England. In that year, nine trips were made to Brazil; next year another nine were made, but this time extending the service down to Rio de Janeiro. The average time taken was five days each way, against the thirteen days to the single passage by the fastest mail steamer.

In 1934 a fortnightly service was run to South America and a round trip service tried to South America, up to New York and across to Europe. The flights to Brazil were as regularly to time as a steamer could keep.

All this may be taken as a good sound guarantee of safe and regular flying. Compare the speed and the comfort offered by 'plane and airship on such long distance flights as to Australia, India and Cape Town, and the airship most emphatically scores. This is so, even taking the performance of the Graf since 1928 on her commercial work; and the new Zepp. to be completed next year will carry 50 passengers and have an additional twelve miles an hour speed at least.

Our air mail takes ten days to Cape Town—240

hours to 8,000 miles—which gives an average speed of 33 m.p.h. over the trip. The Graf at her proved average of 62 m.p.h. could do the same 8,000 miles in six days easily, allowing for four halts of three hours each. Giving the new Zepp. only 10 m.p.h. faster average, she should do the trip in five days, making a similar allowance for halts to re-fuel, drop and pick up passengers.

Our air mail takes 54 hours to Egypt, although we must allow the loss of time by the present train journey from Paris to Brindisi. But the Zepp, at 70 m.p.h., could reach Egypt in 43 hours, taking the sea route by Gibraltar and Malta, and completely cutting out all those complications of foreign interference which have consistently hampered cross-European flight on our Indian and African service from the start until now, and may easily continue to do so for years.

In this comparison, it is true the 'plane loses heavily through the need to cater first for passengers' safety and comfort, cutting out night flying and allowing a daylight-burning halt for three (or four) meals a day.

Fire Risk Minimised

The airship is free of any such handicap. Passengers have plenty of room to move about freely, have two-berth cabins, lounge, baths, electric light and controlled ventilation.

The new Zepp is to run on crude oil and use non-inflammable helium gas, practically eliminating the fire risk which is still the petrol-driven 'plane's dread.

The passenger-mail 'plane of the future may have sufficiently comfortable sleeping, cooking and living space and equipment on board, but must still make frequent halts to re-fuel. The Zepp. already has all the comfort required for continuous day and night living—and much more space to move about—and can fly to the Cape on one re-fuelling, to Australia on two.

On both routes the 'plane must take in oil and petrol at many points to which it has been laboriously and expensively transported. The airship can cut that extra cost by re-fuelling only at sea-ports to which fuel transport cost is comparatively negligible.

We are planning now a twelve-day service to Australia (with nine days as an "ideal" years ahead), a 12,000 to 13,000 mile passage. The Graf in 1929 went round the world, or over 21,000 miles, in 12½ flying days carrying an average of 24 passengers.

I hold no brief for the airship, and in fact I admit that up to now I have been definitely prejudiced against it. Yet, in view of these facts and figures, I must ask myself if our Government and Air Ministry ought not to reconsider that decision as "abandon 'ship" as a means of commercial air transport.

Baldwin Plays With Fire

By Robert Machray

MR. BALDWIN'S speech in the House on Wednesday of last week has been hailed by the hack Government Press as the greatest effort of his life. If this estimate is correct, it does not say very much for his other efforts. The subject of debate, which was nothing less than the defence of England and the Empire, was of the gravest importance. It is a time when, in his own words, "things look at the blackest."

But with the exception of the speeches of our pacifist Socialists, which were what was to be expected, the whole debate turned quite definitely away from the futilities of disarmament in the present situation of Europe and the world to the grim realities of the nations armed or arming to the teeth—and particularly to the formidable reality of the rearmament of Germany. There was no attempt to hide the fact that Germany had rearmed, notwithstanding the Versailles Treaty.

In effect, Mr. Baldwin condoned the action of Germany; he was extraordinarily careful to utter no words of downright rebuke—perhaps he felt that it was himself and his wobble-wobble Government that ought to be rebuked. He admitted there was ground for very grave anxiety, but things could scarcely have come to this pass if he and his colleagues had pursued that firm and strong policy which alone is worthy of England, instead of putting their trust in an impotent League of Nations and impossible Disarmament Conferences. What Mr. Baldwin did do was to try to minimise German rearmament—and that is a *positive and serious disservice to his own country*. He introduced that part of his speech with the remark, "I think it is correct to say that the Germans are engaged in creating an Air Force." Just fancy that—dear, oh, dear!

What is Germany's Strength?

Then he went on to state that most of the accounts given in this country and in the Press of Germany's strength in the air were very much exaggerated. It was an easy thing to say, but it may or may not be true. Mr. Baldwin himself confessed that the information in his possession was imperfect. How far it is from being anything like complete stands out clearly from the difference between the estimates he gave, both from "good sources," of the number of the German military aircraft, namely, 600 and 1,000, a tremendous difference.

Naturally he deemed his information to be better than that of Mr. Winston Churchill—though that statesman had doubtless been at pains to verify what he said, and, in any case, he should be warmly thanked by the public generally for bringing forward such a vitally important Amendment to the Address. The subject was one that simply shouted for discussion. Mr. Baldwin

made much, too, of the mystery surrounding Germany's internal action with regard to arms. He described Germany as a "dark continent" from that point of view. One wonders what he would have done if Germany were as clear as day.

A year ago, almost to the day and hour, Mr. Baldwin, in the course of a debate in the House on Disarmament—how far we have travelled from that!—made the following strange statement: "My lips must be sealed. I cannot tell all I know. If I were to say what difficulties there are, and who raise them, it would be impossible to advance one inch with regard to disarmament." We have certainly not advanced an inch since then, but at that time Germany was no more a dark continent in the widest meaning of the phrase than she is to-day.

A Disgraceful Wobble

Unquestionably she was not so well-armed then as now, but her demands were the same: the revision of the Versailles Treaty, the retrocession of all the lost territories, including the former German colonies, and equality in armaments, without international control. A few weeks before, she had poured contempt and scorn on the League and the Disarmament Conference by flinging herself abruptly out of them. The real Germany and not a dark continent was or ought to have been manifest to all eyes. A Belgian senator said that trust in Germany was misplaced, and Belgium must change her policy—and she did so.

What was the reaction of our precious Government, of which Mr. Baldwin is the most important member? Did it take a strong line? On the contrary, it made the most disgraceful wobble in all its history—indeed, it fairly flopped over to Hitler, and left France pretty well in the lurch by insisting that she should agree to a compromise that could not but be injurious to her. France, however, held firm, as her very existence depended on it. Across the Channel they do not talk of Germany as a dark continent; the French know much better than that, and this is why they are now spending so much money on increasing their armaments. Small blame to them!

It is true that towards the close of his speech, Mr. Baldwin said the Government was determined *under no condition* (my italics) to accept a position of inferiority to any German Air Force. It sounds very "fine and dandy," as an American might say, but what about *under no condition*?—perhaps Mr. Baldwin will explain how he proposes to establish that! At the moment he makes play with a "dark continent" to justify an utterly inadequate response to the situation, and meanwhile England remains in deadly danger, thanks to him and his pacifist friend, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

THE INDIAN SCENE

"Plenty of loot and plenty of strife,"
Says Mahmoud Ali, whetting his knife;
"Kingdoms to plunder and towns to gut,
And plenty of Hindu throats to cut:
That's what I call the life."

"At last the British are on the run,"
Says Hira Lal as he oils his gun.
"There will be money and place and power,
The rich to beg and poor to cower,
From the *bunyia's* clever son."

"Liberty comes in a little while,"
Says the Brahmin priest with an oily smile.
"Honour and pride for our ancient gods,
The ancient rites and the ancient rods,
And shadows none dare defile."

"Let Moslems plunder and Rajputs kill,"
Says the fat-paunched lord of the Bombay mill.
"To shut out the goods of Lancashire
Is my perfectly peaceable desire,
So I bow to the Congress will."

"Down from your hills!" the tribesman cries,
"For the word goes round that an Empire dies.
The British have taken their troops away,
And left the Punjabi to be your prey,
His women and wealth for prize."

Lust and oppression and graft and greed,
Blood-black hatred of creed for creed,
All will return when the Babu reigns;
The hills will hunger again, the plains
Will bleed as they used to bleed.

Can the tiger be kept from the village herds
By sheaves of paper or reams of words?
Will safeguards trouble the jungle beast
When the blood smell calls and he seeks the feast,
Or frighten the carrion birds?

Can you plant hard wheat in the desert sand,
Or Western laws on an Eastern land?
Will they take your trousers and bowler hats,
And give up their bustis and burning ghats,
And the things they understand?

When the hand of the Briton is ta'en from Ind.
Trouble will come like the monsoon wind,
Hate and hunger and lust for blood
Will spring like a weed in the teeming mud
When the soft rain falls on Sind.

India, spoil of the conqueror,
Who comes next, as they came of yore,
To seize the sceptre and don the crown
That a weak-souled Britain has now laid down?
Whose hand are you waiting for?

HAMADRYAD.

The Red, Red Route to North Russia

The author of this bitter tragedy is a Russian "colonist" who escaped. As his relatives are still in the clutches of the Soviet, he must, for obvious reasons, remain anonymous.

IN the heart of winter, about January, 1930, long lines of cattle trucks appeared on the Northern railway, between Archangel and Vologda. They passed generally by night, stopping not at stations, but at sidings, where they were left sometimes for weeks. In the last car there was usually military escort. At first no-one could make out what that endless stream of closed goods-trains meant, for at the stoppings, all the trucks were at once surrounded by soldiers and no-one was permitted to come near.

Rumours were spreading that a "descente" of British troops was expected in spring from the White Sea and, therefore, food and ammunition were being taken for the Red Army. But one could distinctly hear human voices, cries of children, groans, sobs inside the waggons. The soldiers would at once go and knock against the wall till all became quiet again. What was the matter? Some supposed it was prisoners moved from one concentration camp to another Only later on, when all the line was full of these trains and it became impossible to conceal what they contained, the population got to know that here were thousands of "kulak-peasants" with their families exiled from Ukraine, Caucasus and so on to North Russia. "Colonisation," it is called!

Families Parted

The transportation of peasants went on in the following way. Turned out from their villages and houses, the peasants and their families were driven by the O.G.P.U. to the nearest town and there put into cattle-trucks. In the bustle of departure in the middle of the night, under a rain of blows from the rifle-butt, families got separated—parents lost children, husbands their wives—and were sent off to different destinations. Some of them found one another by chance much later, but the greatest part, having been transported in different directions, never met again.

The trucks were so crowded that it was impossible to lie down or even to sit. The doors were closed. Light penetrated only through small barred holes under the roof. The journey lasted generally 6-8 weeks and all that time no-one was allowed to leave the waggón. Not knowing where they were sent to and for how long, those unfortunate people very seldom had any food supplies with them. They received daily $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rye bread and some pails of hot water, brought to them by the military escort. Not every one of them had a glass or cup and they took their turn in drinking, so that the last one got just cold water. Thus they travelled weeks without any hot food.

The winter was cold, but the vans had only

small iron stoves which warmed only those sitting near. They were given firewood, but it was so damp that it hardly burned at all and the temperature inside the van was almost as cold as outside. In order not to freeze, one had to keep moving, but the room was scarce. The smoke from the damp wood filled the stuffy vans. It could not find any outlet and mixed with the odour of the unwashed human bodies. Owing to dirt, darkness and over-crowding, there were masses of lice. Typhus fever made daily progress, especially among children, but no medical help was given.

Bodies in the Snow

And, indeed, as those people say, death seemed happiness to them. The dead bodies were rolled to the doors and soldiers threw them into the snow. No-one knew how they were disposed of after that.

The first crowds of these peasants arrived at Archangel and Vologda about the end of January and up till May new parties continued coming afresh. Banishment of peasants to the North in U.S.S.R. is a "normal" fact and takes place now, but never before or after did it produce such an impression of mass stream as in the beginning of 1930. Now they arrive in separate groups of 100-200 people; the O.G.P.U. takes them straight from the railway stations to the town-prisons (usually during the night), and later on sends them off somewhere into the vast North. But in 1930 it looked like a real migration of nations.

The local O.G.P.U. were faced with the problem of housing the new arrivals. There would be no room for them in the prisons. No special buildings had been prepared—human life is the cheapest of all goods in Soviet Russia and the O.G.P.U. thought it was not worth while erecting new buildings, not even barracks.

Soon there began to appear in the local newspapers (in Russia there are only official newspapers), long notices about the arrival of large quantities of corn to the North. Meetings were held where it was announced to the population that owing to the absence of proper corn-stores the authorities were compelled to use churches for that purpose.

In Archangel, out of the nine existing churches, six were closed, in Vologda, nine out of fourteen, in Veliki-Ustyug, seven out of eight. (At present all these towns with a population over 100,000 have only one church; the rest are pulled down). In the closed churches the ikon-screens were broken down and wide wooden boards were built all along the length of the church, leaving only a narrow passage in the middle. Those boards were erected five or six storeys high, right up to the roof. Steep wooden

ladders were fixed to the boards. It was all done in a hurry and was not secure owing to the insufficiency of nails.

At last the long promised "corn" did arrive. Many in Northern cities remember long lines of people walking slowly from the railway stations, day and night, in spite of snow, storm and bitter frost. There were representatives of all nationalities and ages among them. There were bearded "moujiks" in the prime of life, old men and women, young mothers with babies at their breast, young boys and girls. There were peasants from Little Russia, clad in white sheep-skins, typical "moujiks" from Central Russia in brown "armiaks," mountaineers from Caucasus in tall fur caps and cloaks, Turcomen in striped Eastern garments . . .

They were all ragged, dirty, frozen, starving, with their poor belongings on their backs. They could hardly move their frozen feet after all those weeks of travelling in closed vans. The escort of soldiers surrounded them, driving away with rifles the local population that had rushed into the streets in amazement and horror at such a sight. Where were they going to, those miserable, exhausted, starving creatures? It is not difficult to guess that they were driven into the devastated churches. They were that long expected "corn."

One could see old men and women of seventy, young mothers with their babes, pregnant women, sick delirious people climb up steep ladders and clutch with trembling hands at the boards. They often dropped down from those upper storeys and ladders, one after another, and found their death on the stone tiles of the floor. Children rolled down from the boards in their sleep.

On the sleeping boards people lay huddled close together, man to man, without taking off their parasite-covered rags. Many were so weak that

they could not even get up. The air was full with curses, cries and—prayers. Corpses were carried out by dozens. Typhus fever and scurvy spread more and more, but no medical help was given, and indeed in such conditions it would have been useless.

On their journey, these peasants received $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bread per day, but after their arrival, even that poor portion was no longer given. They were permitted to receive food parcels from home by post, but these parcels often took months on the way and more often still were seized by the post and railway officials.

So thousands of peasants were doomed to starvation.

And yet these people were comparatively lucky. Those who arrived later found no place in the towns and were sent off on foot under military escort to Onega, Mesen, Petchora, Vitchegda and so on. Hundreds of miles lay before them. They had to go through endless dark forests, frozen swamps, icy deserts, long rivers. The frost was hard, the wind icy and many of them had no warm clothing, nothing but torn bark shoes and thin coats. Their feet were black and swollen with frost, people fell down exhausted on the snow, but were driven forward with rifle-butts. Those who remained on the snow froze to death, or were devoured by wolves.

Only the O.G.P.U. knows approximately the number of deported peasants. According to the indirect data of the railway offices, one may say that for three years (1930-33) there arrived in special trains only to the North district about 500,000-600,000 forced "colonists."

What can be the future of these "colonists?" There is only one answer: they will die out. Half clad, starving in the gloomy cold forests of the North they die by thousands. Thus the socialistic society in U.S.S.R. is created.

THE BLOOD-STAINED WHITE PAPER—No. 2

A Ramshackle Constitution

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer

AS shown in last week's article, the cardinal error in the proposals of the majority report of the Joint Committee is that they have concentrated on constitution building—the form—and ignored the all-important subject of administration—the substance.

The complex scheme they put forward for the all-India and Provincial Governments may appear specious and even satisfying to those who put their faith in paper Constitutions and safeguards, but anyone who can grasp the conditions to which it will be applied will find it unworkable in practice, and a fruitful source of endless friction between the various partners who are supposed to work it "in the spirit of partners in a common enterprise."

At present the Indian Administration is

carried on under the general control of the Imperial Parliament, by the Governor General and his colleagues in the Executive Council, through the Agency of the all-India and provincial Governments, the legislatures and the Services.

In all of them there is now a British element which, though small, is generally sufficient to maintain the British tradition of integrity, impartiality and efficiency which have raised India from chaos and barbarism to its present standard of security and civilisation.

The Indian States with an area of nearly two-fifths and a population of one-fourth of the whole sub-Continent at present stand outside British India, under the autocratic sway of their hereditary rulers with whom the Viceroy, as representative of the Crown only interferes in the rare case of gross maladministration.

That political system which hitherto has given 350 millions of people peace and security unprecedented in their long history is now to be rudely disturbed for the sake of a grotesque doctrinaire Socialist experiment.

The majority of the Joint Committee treat Great Britain, the creator and protector of modern India, as an "alien" power to be expelled as speedily as possible from the entire civil administration.

But the British Army and the British Navy for which India pays nothing are to be retained indefinitely to support an Indian Government controlled by an urban intelligentsia, (in which the Brahman and the Baniya or moneylender are the chief elements) representing *not* the peoples of India, but in the words of the Report only "a small fraction of the vast population"!

And this travesty of responsible Government is put forward for acceptance by our Parliament in the sacred name of democracy!

The Joint Committee does not stop even here. They realise, though they do not say so, that the elimination of the British element in the Government, Legislatures and Services—the steel frame that in the words of Mr. Lloyd George alone holds the Great Indian Empire together—may mean giving up the keys of Government to men—the Congress party which has obtained an absolute majority of the elective seats in the elections just held—who demand "complete independence, including control of the Army, Foreign relations, finance, tariffs and internal affairs."

To meet this impending danger the Committee propose the first and greatest of the famous Safeguards. They suggest that the autocratic Princes should join hands with the pseudo-democratic Indian politicians in establishing an all-India Federation, the Princes taking the place of the British as a stabilising element.

That in fact is asking the Princes, whose integrity and sovereignty the Crown and Parliament are by Treaties pledged to maintain, to take over a responsibility which we through moral cowardice or lack of faith in ourselves are running away from.

The Princes are to save the face of an invertebrate British Government and face the music, *i.e.*, stand up to the British Indian extremists who according to present indications will dominate the future Federal Government.

Sacrificing the Princes

That is all ignoble conception of the duty of an Imperial race and a base betrayal not only of the Princes, who look to us to guarantee their internal sovereignty against all enemies, but also of the Indian masses who have hitherto looked with confidence to the British Raj for security and justice but who, if the scheme goes through, will hereafter look in vain.

What do the Princes think of it all? The Joint Committee assumes, without justification, that they are eager to fill the rôle we have designed for them. We know that in spite of the "relentless" pressure being exercised on them here and in India, they are becoming more and more hostile to it. Their attitude is well expressed by one of

their number, His Highness the Maharaj Rana of Jhalawar, in the *Morning Post* of 27th November. He says: "We fear that the Federal scheme will ultimately rob us of our present strength, prestige and status. *Those who wish to use the Princes as a convenience, in their attempts to placate the demands of an aggressive democracy in British India will be taking a great risk.*"

What a reproach and what a warning are contained in the last sentence? The Princes of India as a body have been the staunchest supporters of the British Government in every crisis, and we now use our friends as a sacrifice to our enemies.

The betrayal of the interests of the masses is even more shameful. The last thing they desire is the disappearance of the British element from the civil administration.

It was left to the Conservative minority and to the Socialist minority in the Committee to say a word on their behalf.

The memorandum of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues (a) repudiates the absurd proposal to federate discordant elements at least before the Provinces have shown their capacity to work a reasonable manner of provincial autonomy, and (b) insists on the maintenance of British control over the Judiciary and police.

The Socialist minority admits that the majority proposal will place the Indian masses at the mercy of the landlord and the capitalist. Their only solution is to give them the vote, but they admit that "*for a long time to come*" that will be of no use owing to their ignorance, lack of organisation and of interest in political matters.

Indian Opposition to Scheme

Even the majority would enfranchise only 35 millions of the 257 millions in British India and at least two-thirds of those would be illiterate and absolutely incapable of giving a responsible vote, and would be under the dictation of the moneylender the landlord or the agitator appealing to racial, religious or caste prejudices.

Surely the obvious remedy is retain our trusteeship for the masses as long as they remain minors politically. Even among the intelligentsia, whom the scheme is designed to conciliate, it finds no favour. The dominant Congress party utterly repudiates it; the so-called Liberals attack every one of the proposed safeguards; even the Muslims who were supposed to favour it as giving them control of at least a few northern Provinces and Bengal intensely dislike it.

Sir Abdul Rahim, one of their leaders in Bengal and a former Minister, as reported in a London paper of 30th November, describes the scheme as "a form of Government grotesquely unnatural, wholly artificial and clogged with every obstacle human ingenuity can devise."

One wonders what sinister influence is forcing the Government to persist with a scheme which is so generally condemned by all classes and parties in India as well as by a great and growing section of public opinion in England. They sometimes say "our scheme alone holds the field. There is no alternative." In the next issue an alternative already put before, but not considered by the Joint Committee, will be outlined.

Eve in Paris

THE leaflet entitled "Recommendations to the Civilian Population of Paris; Protection in case of Air-Raids," published by the Prefecture of Police, is alarming, and unfortunately, not widely read.

Picturing aerial fleets high over the Eiffel Tower it declares, "All means will be used to stop enemy aeroplanes, but some may pass. Do not wait until they are overhead. Leave Paris with your family at the first alarm. Take only provisions and necessary clothing. If you have friends, relations, even a cabin in the Provinces, GO."

"If you *must* remain, organise your refuge in a cellar. Keep there water, food, a shovel and pick-axe, first aid appliances, fire-extinguishers, and gas-masks, do not linger in the streets, avoid panic, remain calm."

Last Summer, police made a house to house visitation, interviewing and questioning concierges as to cellar accommodation available; there was talk of erecting public safety-shelters, but these have not yet been planned.

Countries in less peril, probably, than France are better prepared, notably the U.S.S.R. with a Government-controlled society numbering fifteen million persons which supplies gas-masks and gives instruction as to prevent measures against air-raids. In Germany and in Italy the protection of civilians is directly in the hands of the authorities, adequate shelters exist, and the public is taught what to do in case of necessity.

General Denain, Ministre de l'Air, is however a wise man. Promptly spending the "Milliard" allowed by the French Government for Air Defence, he is insisting on further supplies.

M. Gousat, the great caricaturist, known as "Sem" who died recently, was a popular celebrity in the nineties, and the early present century. His reputation will live although contemporary criticism ignored him or was unkind, for he was an admirable draughtsman and portrayed the notabilities of his time, not too kindly, but displaying a keenness of observation, and a sense of the ridiculous which delighted the public.

The son of a grocer at Périgueux, he worked for provincial newspapers successfully until greatly daring he attempted the Conquest of Paris, where Forain and Abel Faivre reigned. Never the equal of these masters, but unquestionably talented, he soon made himself an enviable place in artistic and social worlds, his tongue being as clever as his pencil. At all fashionable gatherings the little restless figure might be seen taking notes, making surreptitious sketches of some ludicrous and pompous personage. His friends (and victims) were innumerable: Boni de Castellane, Prince de Sagan, Arthur Meyer, Charles Lebaudy, the Sugar-King who dreamed of founding the Empire

of the Sahara, Santos Dumont, in whose flights "Sem" loved to take part.

After visiting the trenches during the War, Sem began to write. His articles, vivid, pathetic, inspiring, possessed literary merit of a high degree and created a sensation. Soldiers, generally bored or irritated by non-combatant's productions dealing with war-subjects, were enthusiastic about his work, and General Gouraud ordered the famous "Chasseurs acclamés par les Russes" to be read aloud to his assembled troops like a Bulletin of Napoleon to the Grande Armée, an honour no other writer has ever received.

The little midinette, formerly called the grisette, whose prototype, Mimi pinson, was celebrated by Henri Murger, is in many ways an admirable young creature. Intelligent, hardworking and frugal, her clever fingers produce fairy-like needlework, embroideries and laces, give the right twist to a ribbon, or the touch of the expert to the pot-au-feu. Nowadays jobs are poorly paid and hard to get; sometimes therefore she lives with a companion whom she cares for devotedly, but cannot wed. A married couple receive 14 francs a day unemployment relief, but single persons draw 10 francs each.

The days of Santos Dumont who used to steer his dirigible down the Champs-Élysées and alight from it at cafés for refreshment were revived for Parisians when they watched pilot Lepreux in a La Cierve autogyro calmly take off along the Avenue Alexander III between the Grand and Petit-Palais.

Aviation mourns the death of the brilliant young air-pilot, Hélène Boucher, holder of world speed records, who made one of the longest solo flights ever attempted by woman, to Saigon and back.

She crashed near Paris and was instantly killed.

Discussions have taken place lately concerning the French Press and its influence, past and present. In 1631, Docteur Théophraste originated the first French journal; a weekly gazette containing commercial information and news of the day. Louis XIII was interested in the new venture, which became the Gazette de France, but the jealousy of small MSS. sheets written by professional libellers in the pay of great personages ruined the publication, and the Father of the Press died poor.

The first of the great modern journalists was undoubtedly Emile de Girardin. At an early age, with a borrowed capital of twenty pounds, he founded "Le Voleur," which was composed of cuttings from other publications. It was an instant success and hewent from triumph to triumph.

One of the Bulldog Breed

[By a Naval Correspondent]

IF, during the late war, there was one name to which the British people pinned more faith than to any other, that name was David Beatty. In the public eye he was the personification of centuries of Naval tradition, one of those bulldog men who had kept the seas for England from the time of Drake and Raleigh.

David Beatty was a man who never let a chance slip. Long before the war he had been noticed as a particularly daring and clever officer. A foretaste of his fighting qualities had been revealed in the Soudan campaign of 1896-1898, where his gallant work earned him a D.S.O. and promotion to the rank of Commander. And before the fame of his exploits there was forgotten, he had again leapt into public prominence, this time in the Boxer rebellion of two years later.

His ability and personal gallantry were rewarded with a further step in promotion and thus, in 1900, David Beatty found himself a Captain at the incredibly youthful age of 29. Such a thing has only happened once before in the Navy, Nelson being made a Captain at the age of 27. But in modern days when individuality has largely to be sunk into the conglomerate whole of Naval service, the rapidity of Beatty's promotion could only mean that he was a man who towered above others by reason of really exceptional qualities of leadership.

The late war was the occasion of proving that this rapid promotion was not mere opportunism. It was the acid test of a man who had a reputation of quick and determined action, a test to be carried under conditions of modern warfare at sea.

The Man of Action

At the outbreak of war, Beatty was in command of the 1st Battle Cruiser squadron, and before many weeks had passed, the whole of England was thrilling to the story of his first engagement with the enemy. The tale of his actions was a bright page in the gloomy history of those early war years. The Heligoland Bight. The Dogger Bank. They revealed the true Beatty at work, the Beatty whose name stood for action at any cost. Scornful of danger, he swept his battle cruisers through mined waters and shoals, eager only for the chance of hammering the enemy. Danger was a word that had no place in Beatty's vocabulary. Wherever the fight was fiercest, there was David Beatty.

Who, reading history in the years to come, will not feel a thrill of pride at the picture of H.M.S. Lion, Beatty's flagship at the Dogger Bank, taking the brunt of a whole German division of Battle Cruisers. On fire, her guns put out of action, she still continued the chase until loss of speed forced her to withdraw from the action. Beatty, transferring to a destroyer, tried hard to catch the fleeing enemy squadron with his

remaining ships, but the opportunity had gone and they had made good their escape, leaving behind the Blucher to mark, on the North Sea bed, the scene of the action.

There was no lack of drama in these sea fights. They were stamped with the personality of Beatty. They had the element of surprise, of sudden decisions, of the acute brain that struck at the enemy where he was least expecting the blow.

Jutland. Once again the country rang with the name of Sir David Beatty. It was his battle cruiser squadron which first encountered the German High Seas Fleet and, for a short time, they were in action with the whole might of German sea power. It was the sort of fight that Beatty excelled in. Odds had no meaning for him and he would have fought all the Navies of the world had they been arrayed against him. Yet, through the thunder of the guns and the smoke of battle, a cool mind was working. He turned his squadron and led the whole German fleet northwards to where Jellicoe was steaming down from Scapa with the Grand Fleet. Unsuspecting, the Germans walked into the trap prepared for them and the main battle had begun.

Spirit of the Navy

When Sir John Jellicoe went to the Admiralty at the end of 1916 to become First Sea Lord, his logical successor as Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet was Sir David Beatty. His appointment was received with acclamation by the public, who saw in him the embodiment of the spirit of the Navy. He had about him a glamour that caught the imagination in some way. The personal courage which had been displayed in his actions, the indomitable set of his features and the determination which could be read in his calm eyes gave a feeling that, whatever else might happen, the British Fleet under such a leader could be relied upon to keep British soil safe from the foot of any would-be invader.

The war ended and the stage was set for Beatty's greatest triumph. One cold November morning, the entire fleet put to sea, led by Sir David Beatty in H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth. The whole majesty of England was at sea that day, an armada of noble ships, to receive the submission of the fleet that had defied her. One by one the German ships steamed out of the mist and took up their station in the circle of steel that was to escort them to their humiliating destination.

Slowly, yet with an inflexibility that was eloquent of strength, the huge ships with their captives returned to Scapa and there Admiral Sir David Beatty, in full Naval dress and surrounded by his captains, received the German Admiral and his captains and took formal command of the German ships. It was the greatest surrender in history.

Account of the

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

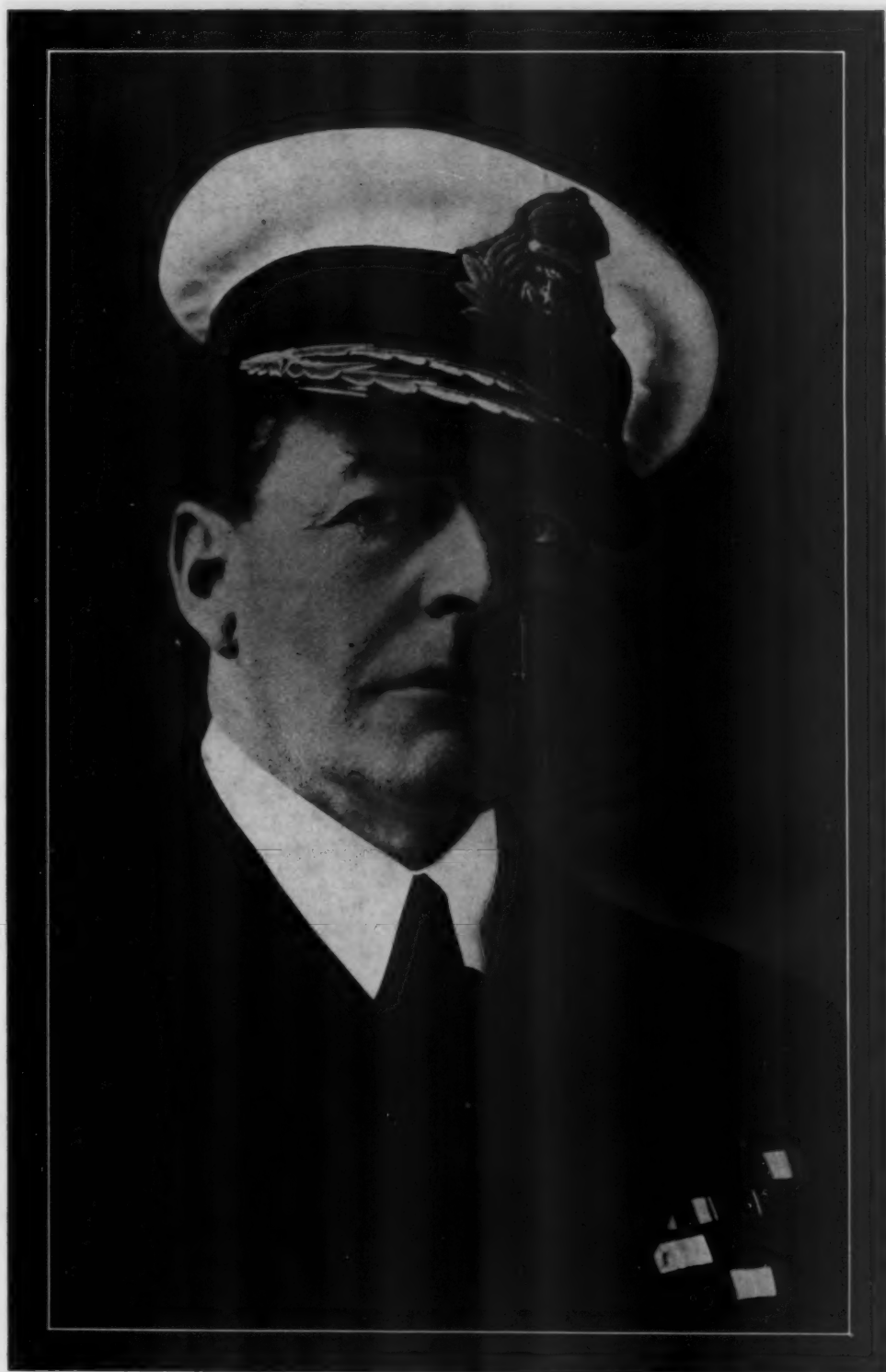
...

One of the Building Board

Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

Admiral of the Fleet Lord Beatty

O.M., P.C., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.



Commander of the Grand Fleet (1916-1919)

Lady Houston's sympathy with loyal Jews was shown in her controversy with the editor of *Punch* when she took up the cudgels on behalf of a "Daughter of the Jews." We reprint this article as it appeared in our issue of December 2, 1933.

PUNCH— —and Lady Houston

SOME weeks back—becoming suddenly violent like a *mouton enragé*—"Evoe"—the Editor of *Punch*—attacked a "Daughter of the Jews" for having written some rhymes that offended him. Up and down the whole pages of *Punch* he chased the poor girl—with the full force of his superior Kultur—with a "K"—and the *Saturday Review* was held up to scorn for having printed these verses.

His classical quotations were terrific—never from one page have I learnt so much. In fact, I have felt quite superior myself ever since.

But when "Evoe" fights you must not retaliate, for "Evoe" is a High Brow and after the manner of High Brows he delights in dragging down and pulling to pieces, but—also after the manner of High Brows—he cannot abide retaliation—that is only done by common people, and the readers of *Punch* will be amused to know that "Evoe" did not dare fulfil one of the unwritten laws of respectable journalism and print the mild—timid—remonstrance—which I give here.

LADY HOUSTON ANSWERS "EVOE"

DEAR "EVOE,"

Don't you think you are a bit hard—and even—perhaps—I will not say unkind—but just a teeny, weeny bit—severe—on this Daughter of the Jews?

There is an adage—"To know all is to forgive all"—and when you wrote your devastating condemnation of poor R. M. B.'s rhymes—you could not have understood the reason for her glad and enthusiastic praises—which appeared so foolish and far-fetched to your scholarly mind. She had just read in the *Evening Standard*, and again in the *National*

Review—my jesting rejoinder to the Cartoonist Low—who depicted me as Britannia in Sir Oswald Mosley's political parlour—in company with an animal which had the body of a dachshund and the head of a lion—and just because I good-humouredly chaffed Low about this—with the words, "Sir Oswald Mosley wears a black shirt, but mine is red, white and blue. His lion is made in Germany; my lioness is British through and through"—this Jewish maiden—taking these words as a disapproval of Hitler's drastic demolition of the Jews in Germany—wrote the verses you so scathingly criticise!

Have a heart—dear "Evoe" don't be too down on this Daughter of Israel—for in using your big guns and poison gas over so trivial a matter—you are rather harsh—and—dare I say it?—*very silly*.

LUCY HOUSTON.

P.S.—I am fain to confess that when I saw the importance given by the Editor of the *Saturday Review* to these rhymes—blushes mantled my damask cheeks and I felt really embarrassed—but I always have been too modest—that is my greatest failing.

We take this opportunity of stating the attitude of the *Saturday Review* on the Jewish question. We have the greatest respect for good Jews and have never failed to praise and support those who are true, and loyal to this country. Whoever lacks loyalty and patriotism, whether Jew or Gentile, we oppose. We hold Lord Beaconsfield, that great Conservative, one of the finest Prime Ministers this country has ever had, and showed our respect for him by including him in our gallery of portraits.

A Great Spanish Cardinal

FANNY BURNEY, in the course of her "Memoirs" of her father, records Edmund Burke's enthusiastic admiration of the character of Cardinal Ximenes, the contemporary of Columbus and twice Regent of Castile, in the days when Castile and Aragon were two separate kingdoms, associated together by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Edmund Burke's admiration was justifiable, because there have been few men in high place who could boast the disinterestedness of Ximenes in his service to the State. Responsibilities were thrust upon him that he had every inclination to avoid, but once he had accepted them he carried them out with unflinching determination whatever the obstacles in his path.

As Regent of Castile on the deaths first of Philip I and then of Ferdinand, he kept the grandees well under heel, and so paved the way for the united Spain that the Hapsburg Charles was to rule over and hand down to his successors. Without Ximenes at the helm in these critical periods, Spain might never have attained the commanding position she enjoyed in Europe in the sixteenth century.

Charles V's "Ingratitude"

No man could have served his Sovereign more loyally than Ximenes served Isabella, Ferdinand and Charles V. Isabella fully appreciated his worth. She it was who made him her confessor and appointed him, much against his will, Archbishop of Toledo. Ferdinand treated him more than once rather scurvily and considered him "intractable," but on his death-bed consented to appoint him Regent. Charles, who owed his peaceful accession to his Spanish heritage to Ximenes' great administrative abilities, has been credited by Prescott and other authorities with the basest ingratitude towards the then very aged Cardinal, Ximenes' death being attributed to a broken heart caused by the receipt of a slighting missive he received from Charles.

Mr. Reginald Merton, in a very illuminating biography of Ximenes ("Cardinal Ximenes and the Making of Spain," Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d.), scouts this suggestion. He shows that the letter Charles wrote to Ximenes just prior to his arrival in Spain was very far from deserving the interpretation given to it. Moreover, it is highly probable that the then very ill Cardinal never saw it. He had died, at any rate, before Charles could meet him.

In Mr. Merton's story of Ximenes' career the arch-plotter Ferdinand figures very prominently, the meannesses and duplicity of Isabella's husband being set out in sharp contrast with the honesty and high aims of the Cardinal, whom Nature intended for a saint and mystic and Fate decreed should be a great statesman.

Ximenes, denied the humble monastic life he would have preferred, remained at heart always the ascetic.

He consented (on the Pope's admonition) to wear the magnificent archiepiscopal vestments, but under them were his hair-shirt and friar's robes. He had an elaborate bed put up in his bedroom, but at night he

pulled from under it his hard pallet, which was kept hidden during the day. And he evidently continued to mend his own clothes, for after his death needles and a thimble were discovered in a secret drawer in his desk.

The "one blot on his fame," to quote Mr. Merton, was the fanaticism he displayed in 1499 in ordering all the Korans and other theological books of the Moors in Granada to be burnt. This cruel and senseless act precipitated a rebellion that nearly cost Ximenes his life.

The War's Greatest Airman

WHO was the greatest air fighter in the War? The outstanding airmen were Ball, McCudden and Mannock on the British side; Guynemer and Foncke, the French aces; Boelcke and Richthofen, the German air heroes.

Flight-Lieut. Ira Jones, himself a renowned air fighter, with some forty victories to his credit, in his biography of Major "Mick" Mannock, V.C. ("King of Air Fighters," Ivor Nicholson and Watson, illustrated, 10s. 6d.), puts forward a very convincing argument in favour of Mannock's claims as the champion air fighter of the War.

He points out that Ball and Guynemer were indifferent to tactics and regarded air fights as so many gladiatorial combats; McCudden, Foncke and Boelcke were tacticians who fought on "Safety First" lines; Mannock and Richthofen were not only expert individualists, but also clever leaders of large formations.

The two last must accordingly rank in order of merit above the others, and the superiority of Mannock over the great German ace lay in the fact that while Richthofen rarely fought on our side of the line and then only just over and against opponents with inferior equipment, Mannock's tactics were invariably those of offence, not defence.

"Mannock's character and record appear to be almost the complete antithesis of Richthofen's. Mannock never made exaggerated claims: Richthofen often did. Mannock often gave credit of a personal victory to a comrade, to encourage him: Richthofen never did; he did the opposite. Mannock had no thirsting desire for decorations or self-glorification: Richthofen lived for both. Mannock was the spear-head of every attack, and fought where the battle raged hottest: Richthofen moved to his place of security on the fringe of the battle as soon as it had commenced. Mannock was a leader with the 'Nelson touch': was Richthofen?"

This is a biography that must stir the hearts of all who read it. The author writes with a deep and intimate knowledge of, and intense admiration for, the hero whose exploits he records, but at the same time he studiously avoids anything in the shape of exaggeration. Wherever possible, we are given extracts from Mannock's own letters or diary and as the story proceeds we see in its proper perspective the true character both of the man and of his achievements.

And as we read this story of the magnificent gallantry and high purpose which gave us complete and undisputed command of the air in the later stages of the War, what must our thoughts be regarding the present state of our Air Force and the Government that so blandly admits our appalling air weakness?

The Queenstown Command

THAT prolific writer of exciting books, Mr. E. Keble Chatterton, has just added to our debt of gratitude by producing another, "Danger Zone" (Rich and Cowan, 18s.). This time his subject is the Queenstown Command and the campaign against German submarines operating off the focal points of the Atlantic trade routes.

Queenstown did not come into prominence as a Naval base of any importance until the war was some months old. The loss of H.M.S. *Audacious*, one of the crack battleships of the Fleet, by a German mine off Tory Island, was the first indication that naval activities would be carried so far west.

Further enemy successes confirmed the first alarm. H.M.S. *Hermes* was torpedoed by a submarine off Calais, H.M.S. *Niger* off Deal and H.M.S. *Formidable* off Portland. The following February saw the start of the German submarining campaign against merchant shipping and several steamers were torpedoed in the vicinity of the Scillies and the South Irish coast. Then the climax came. On May 7th, 1915, the *Lusitania* was torpedoed and sunk by U.20, just ten miles off the Old Head of Kinsale.

The presence of submarines so far west made it obvious that Queenstown was to become one of the most important of the Naval bases, to be developed purely as an anti-submarine station. Admiral Sir Lewis Bayly was chosen to command this area

and on July 22nd, he hoisted his flag at Admiralty House, Queenstown.

From this date until the end of the war, Queenstown was a hive of activity. An extraordinary collection of ships was based there; trawlers, minesweepers, M.L's, Q-ships, steam yachts, P. boats, in fact, anything that might conceivably be of use in dealing with the underwater menace. Gradually, the pressure exerted on the U-boats began to make itself felt and when America joined the war and her destroyers were used to strengthen the Queenstown Command, the German moral began to crack.

By 1918, the menace was conquered and an extraordinary chapter in the world's history brought to a close. It was due entirely to the energetic measures of Sir Lewis Bayly and the personal devotion he inspired in the men under his command.

This is the story that Mr. Chatterton tells. He himself served under Sir Lewis Bayly in command of one of the M.L's and his knowledge of the campaign is therefore extensive. In the pages of this book there is continual excitement: Q-ship actions, fights, rescues and sinkings. There is also the story of Sir Roger Casement's notorious escapades and the Easter rebellion of 1916. It is all told in Mr. Chatterton's best manner, detailed enough to give a very full idea of everything that was happening, yet interesting enough to satisfy the most casual of readers.

"Danger Zone" is a first-class work, and a piece of contemporary history which will doubtless be valuable in the years to come.





The Dinner Suit that embodies all the Ellis * Exclusities

* **EXCLUSITIES**: noun, derived from the Ellis of "Exclusive Niceties."

There is that indefinable quality about an Ellis Dinner Suit that stamps it immediately as a product of craftsmen above the average in the application of their craft.

The Exclusities of the Ellis West End Cut are one evidence of this fact. Every one is a piece of sartorial wizardry. Their incorporation in your evening wear (tailored from exclusively-loomed materials) is a positive guarantee of your satisfaction.

DINNER SUITS from 9 gns. to 13 gns.
FULL DRESS SUITS from 10 gns. to 14 gns. (including White Waistcoats made to measure.)

On Ellis Lounge Suits and Overcoats is lavished just that same care as is expended on their Dress clothes under the personal supervision of Mr. Ellis, and all those special features are incorporated which always distinguish the Ellis-clad man.

PRICES FROM 5 to 9 GNS.

Why not call at any time and see for yourself the vast difference between a suit that merely fits and one that carries the famous Ellis West End cut. After hour appointments, between 6.30 and 7.30, can be arranged. Patterns of our exclusively-loomed cloths will be forwarded to you upon request.

J. H. Ellis

200, 201, 202, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
OPPOSITE THE LAW COURTS

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SIR JAMES JEANS has acquired the art of making the most abstruse of scientific problems seem simple to the audience he is addressing either in the pages of a book or on the lecture platform. In "Through Space and Time" (Cambridge University Press, illustrated, 8s 6d.), we are given an extension of the lectures he delivered last Christmas to a partially juvenile audience under the auspices of the Royal Institution. In this book, as in the lectures, Sir James takes his audience on an imaginary journey through space and time, explaining all the mysteries of the universe in the simplest possible language.

Amusing and characteristic comments from Stage and Film favourites are to be found set forth in "What I Want from Life" (edited by E. G. Cousins, George Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d., illustrated). The contributors include Paul Robeson, Leslie Henson, Seymour Hicks, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Dame Sybil Thorndike and Gracie Fields.

Lt.-Colonel H. M. Beasley, D.S.O., himself a great Bridge expert, in an introduction to Mr. Christopher Steel's "The Theory of Modern Contract" (George Allen & Unwin, 6s.), remarks that "no Bridge enthusiast should fail to read this book from beginning to end." The author is a profound admirer of the tactics propounded by Mr. Hal Sims, one of the most successful of American exponents of the game, and, following this authority's lead, he pleads for a return to the principles of commonsense in both bidding and play.

There is much sound practical sense and good advice in "The Pleasure of Your Company" (Gerald Howe, 3s. 6d., illustrated by William Chappell). It is intended as a text-book of hospitality and it covers a very wide field from a general survey of food and drink and decoration for the table to hints on parties of all kinds for children or adults, picnics, holidays, dress and conversation and pastimes for solitude.

Christmas Pantomime

The Pantomime is a British institution that goes back for its beginnings some hundreds of years and, though it has often been described as in the process of "dying," it somehow manages to keep itself very much alive. Mr. A. E. Wilson, dramatic critic of the *Star*, has written a very interesting and illuminating book about its story ("Christmas Pantomime," George Allen & Unwin, illustrated, 10s. 6d.), tracing its growth and development through many changes, from the tricks of Harlequin and Clown, the simple exposition of a nursery tale or fairy story to spectacular extravaganzas supported by numbers of variety artists and "the present-day mixture of revue, variety, ballet, musical comedy and fairy something which is peculiarly and particularly British." It is a truly fascinating book to read.

Miss Ethel Mannin has undoubted gifts as a novelist, and she can write pleasantly and humorously about many aspects of life. But when she takes herself too seriously she is apt to create the impression that she does not understand her limitations. Her ecstasies over the progress of so-called Proletarian Rule in Russia in her latest book, "Forever Wandering" (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.), are more amusing than impressive. We can quite believe she enjoyed herself in Russia, but we beg leave to doubt whether she knows enough about it to contrast its "reality" with Western "barbarism." For the rest, readers of her new book will find much to entertain them.

Mrs. Marion Cran has earned a deservedly high reputation for herself through her many delightful garden books. In "Squabbling Garden" (Herbert Jenkins, 10s. 6d., illustrated) she introduces us to the mysteries of Squab (young pigeon) farming, but the garden and many other topics intrude as Mrs. Cran proceeds to lead her reader on from chapter to chapter, discoursing in her own charmingly inconsequential way about anything and everything that comes into her head. Those who have read her other books will not hesitate to buy or borrow this one.

RECOMMENDED LIST OF NOVELS

Two Temperaments

MR. JOSEPH BOOTHROYD in "Two Friends" (John Heritage, 7s. 6d.), gives us a clever study of two different temperaments in a pair of young men of humble parentage, who have grown up together. The one is stolid and reliable, without much ambition, quite ready to accept the life marked out for him, that of a railway clerk; the other is highly sensitive and broody, with yearnings to better his station, yet unable to formulate his ambitions. They both go to the War and the second wins a certain amount of distinction as a soldier. When they return and are demobilised, the contented friend goes back to his clerking, while the other is restless and bitter. Neither marriage nor commercial success brings the happiness the latter so fervently seeks, till a visit with his friend to his old home finally drives away his discontent and brings him to a clear understanding of the realities of life. A simple story told with great sincerity.

Art Students in Shakespeare Land

Miss Rosalind Wade, with light and humorous touch, in "Shadow Thy Dream" (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.), reveals the idiosyncracies of character of the various members of a motley company of art students whom a not particularly successful painter has collected for a painting holiday in the Shakespeare country. The central figure in the story is a settlement worker, who has her dreams, but has learnt by the time the holiday comes to an abrupt termination to appreciate the wisdom of the poet's philosophy.

"Shadow thy dream with shapes of earth
Lest it too quickly fade."

She, too, will colour her dream with reality; in the world of work lies the secret of true happiness. That is the theme of the book, but the story it tells is delightfully entertaining.

The Way to Paradise

"Carry Me Home" Peter Traill's new story (Grayson and Grayson, 7s. 6d.), is a curious one, told in a curious and unusual manner. Its theme is the odd one of the way to Paradise. Mr. Traill presents it in this manner. In Graham Reeves' forty odd years of life there had been many women but only one man who counted. As he lay dying after a long illness he asked of the man who had been his friend from childhood how one found the road to Paradise—that state common to every Religion or Creed. The answer, said the man, is the love of a woman—it's a woman who will show you the way. But what woman? Reeves asked. "Think back over your life" said the man "and make up your mind which of them loved you the most, and that love will bridge the chasm that divides the next world from this."

Then Mr. Traill thinks back for us and shows us the women in Graham Reeves' life: his mother, his wife, who divorced him, his daughter, and the others who held him for their time, until you see that no woman really loved him—perhaps because he did not deserve to be loved—and the man is proved wrong. And yet in a way right. Someone did carry Graham Reeves home to Paradise.

Readers of Mr. Traill's previous books will meet in "Carry Me Home" familiar characters—Jennifer of "The Angel" and Paul Proctor of "Here Lies Love" among them—and they will find too the same charm and originality which characterised those earlier works. "Carry Me Home" is a very thoughtful piece of work and it deserves close reading.

Venice under the Shadow of Bonaparte

Mr. Rafael Sabatini was born in Italy, and when he gives us an Italian setting for a story, one knows at once that it is the real thing. He is also an expert in handling the historical romance: he is soaked in the period with which he deals and the characters he produces for his readers' delectation are not dummy figures, but very much alive. Nor is there any lack of stirring incident in "Venetian Masque" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), he introduces

Venice to us in the days when the shadow of Bonaparte hung over the once great republic and its glory was departing, and in this environment plays out for us a pleasantly exciting romance, with a hero worthy to rank with the redoubtable Scaramouche.

In the Heart of Central Africa

Mr. Cherry Kearton is so famous for his photographs and films of wild life in the jungles and his animal stories that his latest book "The Lion's Roar" (Longmans, 6s.), with its 87 photographic illustrations, will naturally attract many readers. And the story of an African village lying at the foot of a volcano, whose thunderous noises are supposed by the natives to be the roaring of a monster lion, is a very charming one, full of exciting incident. A young warrior predicts danger from the volcano, whereas the witch doctor exhorts the villagers to remain and not incur the wrath of the Good Spirits. As a result the warrior is expelled as a false prophet and goes out into the bush with his wife and small daughter. The eruption he has foretold comes to pass and brings disaster and terror to the village. As the story unfolds we get fights between natives and lions, duels between rival elephants and raids by hyenas on a quickly built encampment.

A Study in Disillusion

It is eight years since Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote "The Great Gatsby" which has been accounted his best novel. The long silence of the intervening years has now been broken by the appearance of what he calls a romance entitled "Tender is the Night" (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.). The rest of the verse from which the title is taken gives some clue to the nature of this book.

But here there is no light

Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways

It is the story of wealthy Americans in Europe, with all the glitter and glamour and empty lives that lead only to disillusionment and disintegration of character. It is brilliantly written with all the author's gift for description and mordant humour to give it special distinction.

Six Golfing Shots by Six Famous Players

Edited by
Bernard Darwin

CONTENTS

Introduction	-	-	by Bernard Darwin
The Drive	-	-	by Abe Mitchell
Through the Green—The Brassie and the Spoon	-	-	by George Duncan
Iron and Mashie Play	-	-	by J. H. Taylor
The Pitch-and-Run	-	-	by James M. Barnes
In Bunkers and Hazards	-	-	by James Braid
Putting	-	-	by Arnaud Massy

An Appreciation

"Speaking for myself, when I am off my game,
I always go back to it."

A Prominent Golf Club Secretary.

Copies of the above Publication will be sent gratis and post free on application to S.R.—

The "Sportex" Cloth
14, Warwick Street, London, W.1



THE HON. CHARLES THEODORE DE WATER, barrister by profession, and for some years a member of the Union House of Assembly, has represented the Union of South Africa in London as High Commissioner since 1929. The success which has accompanied the representation of his country's diplomatic and commercial interests in the United Kingdom has earned him a high reputation. He is credited with a belief in the necessity for the fullest co-operation among members of the British Commonwealth, whilst in the wider sphere of internationalism his election to the Presidency of the League Assembly in 1933 was a ready tribute to his work at Geneva.

South Africa House in Trafalgar Square, opened by His Majesty in June, 1933, owes much to Mr. de Water's inspiration, energy and enthusiasm. At the conclusion of the usual five year period, the Union Government recently announced his appointment for a further term of office.

An Imperial Fairy Story

"We must remember that in many parts of the Empire there is sympathy with the ideals of India. You can gather that from General Smuts' speech"—Mr. Baldwin in the Queen's Hall.

IT'S almost Christmastime and Mr. Baldwin does so love telling fairy stories.

So, in Queen's Hall, for the benefit of the Conservative Council, he gave of his very best.

Once upon a time there was a very good Fairy called General Jan Smuts, slim Jan for short.

And he lived in the Union of South Africa.

He had a Passion for Indians, just simply Prodigious!

So when the Indians wanted to enter and live in his own country the Good Fairy said: "Let them all come. They shall have **FULL** right of entry into my country, **FULL** freedom to agitate, **FULL** freedom to trade, and the **FULL** right to vote. In fact, they shall have so much **FULLNESS** of everything that they will soon be quite **FED-UP**."

And when this good Fairy heard that Mr. Baldwin was giving away everything he didn't himself own to India he hurried to England and said, "Splendid work, Stanley. I see you are giving more **FULLNESS** to India—Full provincial autonomy and Full responsibility at the Centre. I am the Fairy for Fullness, so just count me with you."

"But," the small voice objected, "I thought the good Fairy said, 'Stanley me lad, I'll tell the World, India may go to Blazes, but just hand over those darned Protectorates and I'll **DEMONSTRATE** to the **DARKIES** that **DEMOCRACY** can be *too, too* **DEVASTATING**."

No, my boy, that's not Father Baldwin's Fairy Story. That's quite another story—the *too, too* true story.

The Work of Patriotic Societies

By "Blanche"

WHEN discussing the part women of this country might play in Imperial matters, I was told if only they could be "got going," they would sweep all before them. One knows from pre-War Suffragette activities what women will suffer for a cause—willingly face death and starvation!

The Empire

If only they would "get going" on this other great national object—it would succeed magnificently; for it is the woman with her shopping basket and her vote that is the great power behind all Imperial schemes of trade and sentiment.

At present woman is being appealed to most forcibly to "vote for peace," while

it is not made sufficiently clear that a strong, united Empire is the greatest weapon to maintain it. Nor does she yet realise that she has to be militant to fight the forces that are at work to disintegrate its unity.

Many patriotic people have formed themselves into little bands to work with the most laudable objects. That these overlap was discovered by Mr. Thomas some two years ago when he said the 33 existent patriotic societies would work better under one machine.

Some twelve societies engaged on hospitality and education accordingly meet under the chairmanship of Mr. Hollis-Walker, K.C., and now combine their efforts in this direction, keeping at the same time their own individuality.

There are, too, several purely feminine organisations, a concise list of which it seems difficult to obtain. In order to give publicity and help to their work, I should be most happy if their respective secretaries would give me a brief outline of their activities.

Excellent work is being done by the Empire Day Movement amongst the school children of the Empire. It was founded by the late Earl of Meath in 1890, whose attention was drawn to the "lamentable ignorance of the great mass of our population in regard to Imperial matters," and who found "to his astonishment" that in the State-aided schools "no information of the very slightest was given in regard to the history of our Dominions and India."

It has as President Admiral Earl Jellicoe, Sir William A. Wayland as Chairman and an influential Committee. Besides issuing educational propaganda to schools, it urges the recognition of Empire Day on the 24th May each year. Subscription is 2s. 6d. per annum, and it is housed in the building of the Royal Empire Society, 17, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1.

The Empire Day Movement combats the Socialism rampant in our schools, where the teachers are so often themselves Socialists.

Where Communists rule papers are actually set and prizes are offered for the best essays written against the British Empire!

One hears many statements to the effect that the increase of building in this country is good for trade, but on analysis it is often found that the bricks and timber employed in this new building are foreign. One is glad to hear that one important contract at least has been captured by Empire trade, and that is the big school-house at Birmingham, which has forty rooms, and is made entirely of Canadian timber. Also it has been erected for £23,000, a lower price by 25 per cent. than the usual cost of building! An enterprising builder in Kent is also using Canadian timber where houses are being put up from £600 upwards.

South African Politics

This Week's Historic Conference

By "R.B.A.B."

A CONFERENCE of historic importance is taking place in South Africa. Leaders of the South African Party and the Nationalists meet to put the seal on the official policy of the two parties which are now united.

Week by Week

I have it on excellent authority that the fusing sections will, from the end of the Conference onwards, be known as the United Party of South Africa.

What will be the policy of the United Party? Despite the ingenuous oratory of General Smuts over here, there is very little doubt that it will embody the Hertzog doctrine of sovereign independence, and that relations with Great Britain will hardly be improved.

I have spoken to many British South Africans this week; they are of the same opinion.

This brings me back to a document to which I referred last week, issued by the Dominion Party and constituting a serious indictment of Smuts and his curious change of front. I make no apology for quoting the document in some detail, especially as up to now it has been given no publicity in England.

It takes the form of a letter from that prominent politician, J. S. Marwick, to Smuts:

"When General Hertzog first proposed that a declaration of the Union's Sovereign Independent Status should be made," writes Marwick, "and whenever the matter was subsequently discussed by you in Parliament or on public platforms or through printed manifesto (references to which can be quoted) you consistently denied the Union's right to such a status and uttered the gravest warnings as to the disruptive effect upon the British Empire, and the danger to the stability and security of the Union involved by any such declaration, and at the Union Congress of the South African Party at Bloemfontein in 1928 you yourself proposed the resolution whereby 'the maintenance of the Act of Union, and of Dominion status' (as distinguished from Sovereign Independent Status) and the extension of Imperial preferences was placed at the head of the Party's official declaration of policy.

"The people who in the past relied upon you to defend the Union's Constitution against any change which would resolve the Union into a Sovereign Independent State or transform our present form of Government into a Republican one have realised that further confidence in you would be misplaced, because of the abandonment of your previously consistent attitude upon these vital questions, and the acceptance by you of the Nationalist Party ideals."

Extracts from speeches made by Hertzog and Smuts, showing the clear-cut divergence of opinions in the past are given.

"In September, 1933, at Johannesburg, you [Smuts] declared that for you there was only one basis of Fusion, namely, that on which the Coalition Agreement was founded—'nothing more and nothing less'—and, among the points you refused to entertain as being destructive of union, you mentioned the abolition of British citizenship, the right of Neutrality, the right of Secession, and the right of Republican propaganda within the Party.

"The latter point you have since included in your programme of principles and General Hertzog's statement that you came to him with an assurance to uphold and maintain all the great ideals for which the Nationalist Party has stood must surely be taken to mean that whatever scruples you may have proclaimed on the other matters have now been resolved automatically by your decision to uphold 'all the great ideals' referred to by him.

"When the Nationalist Party in 1926 abolished the then existing Imperial Preference in respect of some two hundred and fifty items of goods, you declared in Parliament that when your day of power came you would reverse their policy, and see that Great Britain was treated by South Africa as she should be.

"There is no reference to Imperial Preference in the programme of principles of the Party which you and General Hertzog have founded, nor has the recently appointed Customs Tariff Commission been authorised to

THE HON. SIR JAMES PARR, K.C.M.G., High Commissioner for New Zealand, is representing his Dominion in Great Britain for a second period. He was High Commissioner for New Zealand for the first time during four years 1926-1930; and at the beginning of the present year, at the pressing request of the New Zealand Government, he again accepted the office for twelve months, though recently the New Zealand Prime Minister announced that Sir James had consented to remain until the end of 1935. By profession Sir James is a barrister. For five years he was Mayor of Auckland. He represented an Auckland constituency in the New Zealand House of Representatives from 1914 until 1926 when he resigned to come to London, and during that period he held important portfolios in the Reform Government. On his return to New Zealand after his former period of High Commissionership, he received appointment as Leader of the Legislative Council.



include this question in the scope of its inquiry.

"An already large, and rapidly increasing, number of South Africans, who look upon your programme of principles, with its many subtleties and uncertainties, as inconsistent with the beliefs by which they are guided, and repugnant to their convictions, have decided upon the formation of a separate Party by which they hope to serve the interests of the Union in a way which will command the confidence of all classes of the people."

I understand that the publication of these notes will probably cause some dissatisfaction among Smuts' supporters over here, but they are given without prejudice and in order that Smuts' prophetic utterances at the many functions he has attended over here may be gauged in their true light.

Australia Awakes to the World

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

WITH the opening to-day of the air-mail service between London and the Commonwealth, shortly to be followed by passenger traffic, the romance of flying to Australia is reduced to the terms of the Post Office Guide.

Travellers next year will be able to reach Sydney in less than a fortnight, compared with the month it now takes them even by travelling overland to the Mediterranean and leaving the steamer at Fremantle, West Australia. If the potency of the criticism of our Imperial air organisation and Lord Londonderry's assurances in reply mean anything, it should only be a matter of a year or two before landfall at Port Darwin is made a week after leaving Croydon.

This is an appropriate moment for consideration of the striking changes in Australia's relationship to the world brought about in the past few years. That this refocusing may have been produced less of her own volition than imposed by pressure of outside circumstances makes it none the less interesting. The process has been more noticeable, apparently, to those watching from outside.

When Australia rode leisurely towards prosperity on the sheep's back and warnings of economic disaster ahead were dismissed as bogeys, the insularism inherited from British forebears and intensified by an effective geographical isolation seemed ineradicable.

"Bad times" and a growing nationalism, with the reprisals it provoked, produced a consciousness of the world outside the island continent. This has brought some acute shocks, but must ultimately be to the good.

Splendid isolation according to local rules is going out of fashion.

Empire Week by Week—Cont.

The days when export trade took care of itself and foreign countries were so foreign as to be almost unreal are gone.

Australia's awakening to the world is gradually being reflected in her literature. Her newspapers are seeing farther and farther beyond her own wide borders. Her export trades have at last seen the wisdom of maintaining their own representatives and advisers abroad. The stock criticism of sending anyone on a mission to London that it was a mere excuse for a joy-ride becomes fainter.

Politically, Australia's present-day tasks abroad have most strikingly been recognised in the case of the High Commissionership. Once, the appointment to London signified the quiet turning out to grass of a parliamentarian who had rendered long and steady service. The present holder of the office—Mr. S. M. Bruce, former Prime Minister—took it over in his political prime. If it were not that Australia now considers her London representation a task only for a first-class man, he would still hold a major portfolio at Canberra.

This Australian re-orientation is a two-way traffic system. She wants the world to see her, and, in this centenary year of Melbourne, there have been many notable English visitors. When they return, I shall look forward to hearing some uncensored opinions.

For instance, Mr. John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, ought to be able to tell England something worth while.

New Zealand's Main Problem

By "Antipodean"

WITH characteristic energy and downright-ness, New Zealand has endeavoured to deal as effectively as possible with a very difficult situation created by the parlous condition of her dairying industry—a condition due entirely

to the low price of her produce in her principal market, which is England.

This industry is that of the small farmer, of 60,000 to 70,000 families who are the backbone of the community. Generally speaking, they are unable to make the industry pay, and this is seriously affecting the financial outlook of the Dominion.

The newspapers to hand contain full accounts of the report of the Special Commission of Enquiry which was recently set up to go thoroughly into the conditions surrounding the dairy industry. This report was submitted to Parliament without delay and in a few days legislation was introduced under the title of "Agriculture (Emergency Powers)" and was passed after a comparatively brief passage through both Houses.

The full provisions of this legislation are not yet available in this country, but it is obvious that the majority of the recommendations of the Commission have been embodied in the Act.

It is proposed to give the production end of the industry very careful investigation to see if quality can be further improved, and costs of production and manufacture reduced.

The chief feature is the endeavour to deal with the overseas market problem.

To-day almost the entire export output comes to Great Britain. New Zealand understands that the market is glutted with butter and she has to face the possibility of restriction of supplies, so far as the United Kingdom is concerned.

The possibilities of securing markets in other countries are to receive investigation, and the Minister of Commerce is reported to have said that there is every probability of trade representatives being appointed to certain foreign countries to endeavour to develop markets.

THE INDIA DEFENCE LEAGUE APPEALS

for the support of all patriotic people in its
struggle to defend our Indian Empire from
becoming a second Ireland!

For information apply to: The Chief Organiser

INDIA DEFENCE LEAGUE

48, Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W.1

LEAGUE OF THE EMPIRE

Founded in 1901.

Patron—H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE (DUCHESS OF AROLYL)
Hon. Pres.—H.R.H. FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT
K.G., K.T., K.P., P.C., ETC., ETC.
Vice-Patron—THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, D.B.E., M.P.
President—THE RIGHT HON. SIR FREDK. POLLOCK, Bt., P.C., D.O.L.
Chairman—PROFESSOR E. A. GARDNER, M.A., LITT.D.
(late Vice-Chancellor London University)
Hon. Treasurer—THE LORD ASQUITH, K.C.B.

To promote the exchange of Teachers between the
Mother Country and the Dominions, and the ex-
change of letters between School Children in all
parts of the Empire.

For further particulars apply to the Secretary.
ORD MARSHALL HOUSE, 124, BELGRAVE RD.,
WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1

THE TASTE OF EMPIRE!

Do you know the Best Empire Brands?
Are they easy to buy
in YOUR Town?

The Empire Homemakers Institute

was formed to promote the better knowledge
and buy-a-bility of good Empire Goods
in every town.

Membership costs only 1/- a year.

Join today and let us begin to help you.

THE EMPIRE HOMEMAKERS INSTITUTE
12, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1

CORRESPONDENCE

Important Aspect of Imperial Relationships

Dear Lady Houston,

I see you were kind enough to publish the letter I wrote to you during my recent visit to London.

This has encouraged me to venture a few remarks that, I think, ought to be made in regard to present imperial relationships between England and the Dominions.

As I have already said, I think it is an excellent idea of yours to stimulate the interest of the British public in Imperial Affairs. There has been far too great a tendency in the British Press hitherto to ignore important developments in the Dominions and the Colonies, and I am sure you are right in thinking that this attitude on the part of the Press does not correspond with the wishes of the public they serve.

In the Dominions, the Colonies and India, London news occupies a correspondingly far larger space in the columns of the daily Press than Imperial news does in the newspapers of this country. Anything that can be done to correct the balance in news values between England and the Empire generally will, I feel sure, be of benefit to the Empire as a whole.

The more the various parts of the Empire understand and appreciate the problems of other portions of it, the easier it will be to settle any mutual difficulties that may arise.

At the same time there is no use burking the fact that the people of each Dominion would strongly resent any interference in what they regard as their own exclusive business.

We in England would do well to recognise this fact, if we haven't done so already.

But there is the obvious corollary to this. What is sauce for the British goose, is also sauce for the Dominion gander.

There are certain matters in which Britain has to be the sole arbiter of what is right and wrong and in which Dominion advice is not only not needed, but something rather in the nature of impertinence.

One of these matters surely is the future constitution of India. And yet we find even our own politicians using the argument that we must really do this or that for India, because our Dominion statesmen believe it is the right thing!

And one Dominion statesman has actually been bold enough gratuitously to offer us the benefit of his own views.

This sort of thing, if preserved in, can only create resentment and perhaps retaliation.

And what, one wonders, would be the reaction, say, of South African statesmen if Mr. Baldwin suddenly stepped in and advised the Union immediately to give adult franchise to its Kaffir population?

We must all think imperially, but each self-governing part of the Empire must also learn to mind its own business.

NICHOLAS STANLEY.

Ponsonby Hall, Calderbridge, Cumberland.

Dominion Office Dilatoriness

SIR,—As an interested reader in a bold and independent publication, I beg to place before you a matter of some public interest.

I called upon the Dominion Office in July, on the 19th instant, with reference to a matter concerning Southern Rhodesia.

I was not fortunate enough to see the Right Hon. Mr. Thomas, but was requested by an official to write in respect to the matter. This I at once did, and the letter was duly typed. Up to date, no reply or acknowledgment has been received.

Per contra, on interviewing the Right Hon. Mr. Huggins, Prime Minister of S. Rhodesia, and writing, I am favoured with a reply.

It would be interesting to know how long a time is required to deal with correspondence in the Dominion Office.

W. B. SHANNON (Major, Rtd.), D.S.O.

Junior Naval and Military Club,
Piccadilly, W.1.

Naval Comparisons

SIR,—I was interested in the article No More Navy Betrayals, by Major Reade, which appeared in your last week's issue. He stated the case very clearly for freedom in building, so much needed by this country. May I, however, be allowed to correct two or three mis-statements.

A comparison between the British and American fleets still shows a slight balance in favour of this country if age and fighting power is taken into consideration. In design, too, this country is ahead of America.

The reason why the personnel of the American Navy is 25,000 larger than our own is because of her preponderance in destroyers.

We have far more cruisers than America, which, ton for ton, carry a considerably smaller complement. A comparison between total personnel without consideration of the different types of ship is valueless.

Again, Major Reade talks about the absence of docks East of Suez. The present dock at Singapore will take the biggest battleship afloat and at Sydney also the dock is sufficiently large to accommodate capital ships. The dockyard at Hong Kong is large enough to serve the needs of the usual China Squadron.

Major Reade's criticism of the size of the China Squadron hardly holds water. There is no strategical necessity for a large fleet in those waters, neither has there ever been anything larger than a cruiser permanently stationed in those waters. The term "light cruiser" is also misleading. There is no such ship in the Navy to-day.

"NAVAL OFFICER."

Naval and Military Club, W.1.

VINTAGE PORT



Yes, sir, Sandeman's have it. Whatever vintage you want. Not only the actual vintage you require, but the very best quality of that vintage. The name SANDEMAN is a guarantee in one word.

SANDEMAN PORT

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD., 20 St. Swinburn's Lane, E.C.4

CORRESPONDENCE

Where is the Leader We Need?

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

I am distressed and disgusted with the news to-night of the Queen's Hall Meeting re the White Paper on India! I have sent in my resignation this evening from the Conservative Association.

Quoting from my letter to the Association, my words were:—

"I feel the *only* thing for any honest man or woman to do who has any love for their King and Empire, is to request that their name be erased at once from any connection whatever with the Conservative cause! I have *finished* with them until they become honest and clean and are led by a true Patriot! If this does not very soon happen, there is nothing to be done but to join the Fascists! Although one may not agree upon every point of their creed, at least they stand for King and Empire, which means much!"

What we need to-day is a good and *fearless* leader, who cares not "a snap of the fingers" what opponents say; but for God, King and Empire, and their eye upon our Flag, will fight and *really* lead?

Dear Lady Houston, is this *your* moment?

Pray God we may be helped before it is too late and we slip over the precipice! MURIEL DUDIES.
7, Salisbury Road, Southsea.

P.S.—How can we trust and expect men, who are ready to throw away the Empire, to give us Defence Forces or anything else necessary to save the Empire?

Heading for Disaster

SIR,—The unpopularity of this so-called National Government is a commonplace in the constituencies to-day, and the reason is crystal clear. After the Socialists had done their best to ruin the industrial and economic fabric of the nation, the electorate voted for forthright Conservatism as an antidote to a fraudulent pseudo-political scoundrelism and elected a House of Commons four-fifths of which were Conservative.

From the moment when these Conservatives allowed the Cabinet to be packed with the flotsam and jetsam of discredited Socialism and unwanted Liberalism, this Government lost caste, and when it was seen that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who had been the head and fount of a Party which had well-nigh brought down the nation, had been pitchforked into the Premiership it was a foregone conclusion that, destructive as the Socialists had been, the stage had been set for their ultimate revival.

At the recent Mansion House Banquet the Prime Minister had the effrontery to state that "this Government had been formed to face a crisis," but he was careful to refrain from saying who caused the crisis and who was the head of the Administration responsible for it.

The result of this conspiracy to give jobs to dangerous if needy political demagogues has been that half-measures in tariffs, in re-armaments and in economy have been the order of the day, or rather of three years, and as a penalty for this the 470 Conservatives in the House of Commons will have a sorry experience when they face the electorate and attempt to give an account of their "buried talent" stewardship.

Mr. Baldwin will continue to lose elections, but the coming landslide for him will be much more serious than the 1929 débâcle, when after five years of indolence and pledge-breaking he sold the pass to the Socialists and was primarily responsible for the crisis in 1931.—Yours faithfully,
PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck St., London, W.1.

Socialists and Russia

SIR,—In your issue of 17th inst. you inquire, referring to British Socialists, "Why do they never protest at the swiftly increasing fighting forces of Russia?"

Although I am not a Socialist, I can inform you. Some five years ago Russia and Stalin became taboo in British Socialistic and Communistic circles. Why? Because they learned that practical Communism meant far harder work at far less pay than pertained in capitalistic countries.

To speak plainly, every Russian had to be a patriot, a 100 per cent. patriot or STARVE. British Communists and Socialists want to nationalise the mines, railways and land, etc.; but they have no desire whatever for hard work such as is expected to-day from the hundred per cent. Russian patriot.

If our Most Gracious Majesty called for the same percentage as does Stalin of Russia, Maxton would go mad, Kirkwood would writhe in agony, and gentle George Lansbury would develop chronic nausea of a most virulent type.

Now you know why British Socialists, Communists and all other disloyal sects have ceased to take all interest in Russia—and practical Russian Communism.

H. MOORE, F.Z.S.

Sansovino, Tadworth, Surrey.

Wake Up, Great Britain!

SIR,—Few papers are brave enough to publish the facts of the present position in Europe to-day or to try to "ginger up" the Government.

By all means let the League of Nations go on having Conferences to try to educate the nations towards "International Peace," but don't imagine this will have any effect in *our* time.

We are not born angels yet. The public must realise that there are no truer words than those given in Mr. Bernard Falk's article in the *Sunday Pictorial* of the 18th:

"Every aeroplane, battleship, tank or gun ordered by us will make the feared war more remote."

There is only one word I should like to insert in this—the word "immediately." N.O.

A pagan civilisation

could easily result in any country where spiritual life is not maintained. That danger exists in Canada. In the southern prairies drought for the sixth year destroyed all promise of crops.

Canada has been too hardly hit to support, adequately, the work of the Church and sorely needs the help of us, with our far greater privileges, in the Homeland.

Come to the aid of the highest welfare of our own people overseas by sending a gift to the Secretary.

THE
COLONIAL
AND
CONTINENTAL
CHURCH SOCIETY
9 Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

THEATRE NOTES

DANTE AND BEATRICE

By Russell Gregory

"For Ever"

Shaftesbury Theatre

By Noel Langley

A NOTE in the programme informed me that "For Ever," although inspired by the story of Dante and Beatrice, was a good deal more fiction than fact. But what matter! Lovely, colourful scenery and beautiful dresses, some excellent acting and a well-told story of love and jealousy, misunderstanding and bitter remorse which through a dream resolved itself into a peaceful happiness, left me too interested to be concerned as to how much was truth and how much the author's imagination.

The production was more than satisfying and some of the acting—that of Miss Margaretta Scott as Beatrice, Mr. Denys Blakelock as Simone de Bardi, Mr. Francis James as Guido di Gherado and Mr. Charles Hickman as Giotto—was excellent, while Mr. Eric Portman, in spite of a tendency to swallow the ends of his sentences, succeeded in making Dante a real and living personality.

Mr. Noel Langley is to be congratulated.

"The Moon in the Yellow River"

Theatre Royal

By Denis Johnston

If I were left to myself I should say that this is a very poor play, but plays by Irish dramatists have apparently to be criticised by standards of their own. For the first part of two acts there seems to be some sort of coherence in what was at best an inconsequent story, but by the time the third act had got into its stride I had ceased to care what happened next.

The curtain did finally descend though it would take a more able person than myself to discover why it descended at that particular moment rather than an hour earlier or even not at all. Miss Nan Munro gave an excellent performance as what I must presume to be a typical Irish spinster and Mr. Gerard Tyrrell was inconsequence itself. For the rest it was all frightfully Erse and no doubt very clever.

"St. Joan"

Old Vic

By George Bernard Shaw.

St. Joan has been analysed by so many abler brains than mine that there is fortunately no necessity for me to worry the reader with my opinions on the subject. If I were to say that it is clumsily constructed I should be laughed at for a fool; if I were to suggest that it is full of repetitions and redundances I should be stoned for an iconoclast. I will therefore content myself with a criticism of the acting.

I simply could not get on with Mary Newcombe's interpretation of the Saint. It was pitched entirely in one key, it had no high-lights, it lacked inspiration and in consequence commanded no sympathy. This St. Joan should have been smacked, not burnt. Cecil Truener was entirely admirable as The Inquisitor. His was a thoughtful and con-

fident performance of an extremely difficult part. For the rest, I liked Alan Webb's smooth and sincere "Brother Martin," Morland Graham's clean-cut "Stogumber" and Felix Aylmer's suave, though occasionally pianissimo, "Warwick." The music was composed by Denis Arundel in his most donnish vein.

"Dance Night"

Embassy Theatre

By George Buchanan.

It would be grossly unfair to judge Mr. Buchanan's play by the performance it received at the Embassy Theatre. Some of the acting was so immature as to make imagination boggle at it. It is, however, possible to state with some certainty that there was no plot spread over three acts, the second act being entirely superfluous.

What it all amounted to was that Venetia, although engaged to Clement did not want to marry him, so she didn't. Pamela Sharpe showed considerable promise as did Ann Titheradge, while Jack Angelo may quite easily become a character actor. The other students entered into the spirit of the trifle as well as their respective talents allowed. A disappointing evening.

"Old Heidelberg"

Sadler's Wells

By Wilhelm Meyer-Foster.

This performance by the Toc H Drama League in aid of the London Police Court Mission had the advantage of being handled by one of our best amateur producers, Mr. J. C. Ledward. Mr. Ledward was so successful in his difficult task that he must be prepared for the performance to be judged by professional standards. I can only say that Mr. Denys Buckley as Karl Heinrich, Mr. W. Ellis Reynolds as Dr. Juttner, Mr. Alfred Farmer as Kellerman and Miss Joy Statham as Kathie need not fear comparison with actors of greater experience. If I had my way Mr. Ledward would change his profession in the very near future.

"The Dominant Sex"

Embassy Theatre

By Michael Egan

This well-written, interesting and amusing play by Michael Egan was for all the world like a hard-fought set of tennis, in which the opponents were husbands and their wives and the tennis court, first a flat in Bayswater and later an all-electric house in Blissboro'. It was a ding-dong battle; advantages were fairly equally divided as the game proceeded, although I must admit that the winning shots of the male players were definitely superior. Set-point, I felt, when the curtain went up on the third and last Act, and one was almost tempted to have a side-bet as to the final score. But—the husbands decided then to show what they really could do and took the law into their own hands completely. There was no doubt as to the result. Game, set—and match—to the dominant sex!

The players were admirable—Richard Bird and Diana Churchill as the comparatively newly-weds, and Henry Hewitt and Ellen Pollock with six years' experience and a small family behind them. The game was completed by the excellent services of Townsend Whitling, Rita Daniel, Rene Ray and George Cross, and the whole show was most ably produced by Mr. John Fernald.

MUSIC NOTES

Mr. Walton's Unfinished Symphony

By Herbert Hughes

SIR HAMILTON HARTY and the London Symphony Orchestra collaborated in a curious and significant event this week when they produced, at Queen's Hall, three movements of William Walton's new Symphony—the *finale* being still unwritten. Mr. Walton is not yet thirty-three, but has already so much distinguished work to his credit that the long-promised Symphony has been eagerly awaited by all those who are aware of his form. I have not, I think, been alone in regarding his *Belshazzar's Feast*, brilliantly personal as it is, as a young man's extravagance and comparatively unimportant. One felt he had his tongue in his cheek when he was at work on it, enjoying himself immensely, and that his serious mature work was yet to come. The announcement of this Symphony a year or more ago proclaimed that seriousness. A magnificent performance under Harty leaves one in no doubt as to maturity.

The question that naturally arises is: will Mr. Walton ever finish it? My own feeling is that the work, masterly in every detail, superb in its passion as in its restraint, represents a psychological crisis in the mind of the young artist, and if it remains unfinished I shall not be surprised. I would even go so far as to suggest that it may be better so. The continuity of thought has obviously been broken, and in despair the young man has left the work as it was when his brain was on fire. It would be a miracle if the continuity was restored, and he knows it. The miracle now is that the work is beautifully complete in its very incompleteness, one of the most

moving human documents of our time. Academically considered, the absence of a *finale*, of course, leaves the composition with its logical problem unsolved; but life itself is like that, and the philosopher can look on with compassion and understanding.

Regarded as a symphonic essay, incomplete though it is, the composer has been characteristically daring, breaking new ground with old tools. He discards sonata form, with all the mechanism of "development" and "recapitulation" and so forth, and in an occult way of his own lets his music proceed and work itself out from the germ of a single idea, vaulting the stars in his course. He is content with the usual two of wood-wind, four horns, one extra trumpet and tuba outside the Brahms scale, and but one tympanist. The titanic effect he can achieve with such old-fashioned means is the measure of his mastery in sheer orchestration.

At a first hearing, much naturally escapes attention, but one was greatly struck by the composer's reliance on a more or less fixed tonality. In doing so, he incidentally throws out a challenge to those Central Europeans who too loyally follow in the footsteps of the decadent Schönberg. More than that, he proves, consciously or not, that the hub of creative life is to be found on this side of St. George's Channel. It has been here, spiritually, for some years past, and here it is likely to remain for some years to come. Orchestral concert-giving being the expensive thing it is, may one express the hope that the B.B.C. will take this masterpiece under its capacious wings?

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Mozart, Beethoven and Leoncavallo

[Reviewed by Herbert Hughes]

MOZART'S D major Quartet (Köchel 499), Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* are the three principal works that have arrived this week from H.M.V. He would be a carping critic indeed who had any fault to find with the recording of these so dissimilar masterpieces. The Mozart is recorded on three 12-inch discs (DB 2228-30) from the playing of the Budapest String Quartet—Messrs. Roismann, Schneider, Ipolyi and Schneider. Here is playing that well fulfils Elgar's ideal of "four gentlemen sitting down to enjoy themselves after dinner," with the necessary qualification that they play like musicians with a care for style. This is a record that the connoisseur will not easily part with.

The Beethoven comes to us from the brains and

hands of Serge Koussevitsky and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, which means that it is as perfect as anything that has emanated from a microphone. Gramophone recording has always one tremendous advantage over visible performance in that the personality of the performer is cancelled out; and similarly, of course, with group-personality. It is the music itself that matters. In this case the conductor happens to be one of the most magnetic of men, which fact must always obtrude itself one way or another in the concert hall when he is in command of an orchestra.

But in this album—the discs are numbered D.B. 2338-42—you are happily less conscious of Koussevitsky than of Beethoven, the Beethoven you have known since childhood; you do not trouble yourself with thoughts of this or that

mannerism, this or that point of interpretation which will crop up to disturb you when you are watching as well as listening. Incidentally, it is the best of feathers in the conductor's cap. Furthermore, these discs justify Sir Thomas Beecham's proud assertion, made a few days ago, that the L.P.O. is now second to none in the world—or words to that effect. Here, in short, is a record of the great C minor that must come to be regarded as the standard "interpretation"; more than this cannot be said.

From these records what a far cry it is to the sultry melodramatics of *I Pagliacci*! Leoncavallo's opera is here reproduced in album form, being No. 97 of the series. There are nine discs in all, and with them is issued a booklet giving the original Italian text and the English singing version side by side. The cast is an all-Italian

one—the best, I suppose, that could be gathered together for the purpose, headed by the sturdy Beniamino Gigli as Canio. By common consent, Gigli is Caruso's natural successor.

As in *The Barber of Seville*, which I wrote about last week, this performance reflects the Italian operatic tradition at its most characteristic. The two peaks are the Prologue, beautifully sung by Apollo Granforte, and "Vesti la Giubba," as beautifully sung by Gigli; the sobs in the latter's voice are beyond cavil. Call this a lowbrow masterpiece if you will, but there is no denying the vivid picturesqueness, the immense vitality, the theatrical appeal of this forty-years-old score. Certainly Maestro Sabajno and the chorus and orchestra of La Scala, Milan, are not guilty of under-statement.

BROADCASTING NOTES

How Does One Join the B.B.C.?

By Alan Howland

IT is one of my failings that I rarely, if ever, break a promise. I have pledged my word to make a present of a piece of my mind to the B.B.C. this coming Christmas. Times being hard, I fear the present will have to be offered on the instalment plan, so the B.B.C. boys will have to go to the trouble of hanging out their old school socks each Saturday for at least a fortnight. When they have retrieved the oranges, nuts and pieces of coal which other beneficent uncles have deposited in these handy receptacles, they may perhaps find a residuum or precipitate. That will be the piece of my mind for which I have no further use.

If that piece were analysed, which, of course, nobody at Portland Place would bother to do, it would be found to contain at least two quite ingenuous questions. They are questions which I must admit, have occurred to me, but which have been asked frequently by ordinary licence-holders, and still are asked whenever I discuss British Broadcasting with anybody. The questions, stated simply, are these:—

"How does anybody join the staff of the B.B.C.?" and "Why do people leave the staff of the B.B.C.?"

Before I go any further it is only fair to say that, in my opinion, there is no satisfactory answer to either query. One thing at least is certain. People are dismissed or advised to resign from the B.B.C. irrespective of their abilities. One may assume therefore that the staff is recruited on precisely the same basis. To put it another way, I have listened to respected though ordinary citizens who have stated that, in their opinion, ability does not count at Broadcasting House.

According to these evil-minded blackguards, anyone can obtain employment at the B.B.C. provided he is related, however distantly, to the aristocracy, was educated at Oxford or Cambridge or both, or is a friend of a friend of someone who has got a pull of some sort. I do not for one moment suggest that I believe these calumnies. I merely feel bound to get them off that particular piece of my mind which will soon be reposing in the sock of the Director-General.

Why do people leave the staff of the B.B.C.?" For a variety of reasons, of course. Perhaps they were not, after all, so closely related to the aristocracy as they had made out. Perhaps they eat their caviare with a mashie. Perhaps they do not play golf as well as the Director of Public Nuisances. Or perhaps they do. Anyway, it has been suggested to me that their ability to broadcast does not count. I could not say how true this is, but I must say that something has to be done about it.

To make this particular piece of my mind a more welcome gift, I should like to embellish it with some suitable and thoroughly chaste fal-lals. Unfortunately I, too, have a conscience which will not allow me to waste gilt on what I believe to be perfectly good gingerbread.

LEICESTER GALLERIES,

LEICESTER SQUARE. 10-6

- (1) RICHARD SICKERT, R.A. — New Pictures
- (2) MAX LIEBERMANN — Retrospective Exhibition
- (3) ALICE HALICKA — "Romances Capitonnes"

Government Ban on Enterprise

(By Our City Editor)

BRTAIN'S growing adverse trade balance has already been the subject of comment in these columns, and it has been indicated that side by side with protective measures to correct this, we should take steps to increase our "invisible" exports arising from investment income on foreign securities, payments for shipping services, insurance, and the like. The short view has favoured the correction of the balance of payments by the restriction of all exports of capital, and this has now been shown to have failed. Large volumes of capital in Britain remain without useful employment, and yet the Treasury obstinately refuses to allow their use in bringing to Britain income from abroad.

The latest example is the Treasury ban on the purchase of the Red Star Line from American interests in order to run a cheap North Atlantic shipping service. Not only would employment be provided for British seamen and staff, but the interests concerned actually proposed to build two new boats, each of something approaching 30,000 tons gross, in British yards. Of course, the Government is directly interested financially in the Cunard-White Star combine, and must consider the taxpayers' money concerned with the North Atlantic route, but if the Government is prepared to engage directly in industry it should also be ready to meet efficiently legitimate competition from private British interests. Surely the financial ban on export of capital was never intended for use in preventing such enterprise.

Yields on Gas Stocks

The stocks and shares of the established gas companies are regarded as being of so sound a nature that the yields are in most cases proportionately low to those on British Government stocks. Thus the shares of the South-Eastern Gas Corporation at 32s. 6d. return only £3 13s. 10d. per cent., while the Gas Light and Coke Company's ordinary at 29s. yield rather more than 3½ per cent. In this connection it is interesting to note that the more recently formed Severn Valley Gas Corporation ordinary can be bought at 22s. 6d. to return nearly 4½ per cent. on the money. The Corporation controls a number of gas undertakings in the West of England, and with normal development there is a good chance of an increase in the 5 per cent. dividend which the Corporation pays. Returns of over 4 per cent. can also be obtained on the stocks of the Tottenham, Shef-

field, Wandsworth, South Suburban, Derby and Liverpool companies.

A Remarkable Recovery

The United Molasses Company announces a remarkable recovery, profits for the year to September last, amounting to £651,531, giving a net profit, after depreciation, of £367,725, compared with a loss of £156,314 for the previous nine months' period. The £1 shares, which touched £8 10s. in 1929 when the last dividend was paid, have been written down from £1 to 6s. 8d., and now the directors are able to recommend a dividend of 6 per cent., or 2 per cent. on the original capital. To such an extent has the company's earning power recovered that, instead of realising assets to reduce debenture indebtedness, it is now proposed to increase the capital by the issue of one new share of 6s. 8d. for every five shares held at the price of 10s. per share. This will provide £495,000, and the further £900,000 required to complete the repayment of the income debentures is to be found from the company's resources.

With the debenture debt paid off, the company will be able to accumulate cash resources once again, and something like the prosperity of former days is even within the bounds of possibility. It has been proposed to dispose of five Diesel tankers, but the company's fleet is now in full commission, and the ships are being retained. At 19s. the shares return little over 2 per cent., but they obviously have big speculative attractions.

Banking in South America

The Bank of London and South America, an affiliate of Lloyd's Bank, is again paying a dividend of 3 per cent., though it has experienced a continuance of difficult conditions throughout the past year. Deposits have shrunk from £42,739,000 to £31,363,000, but this is due in the main to lower exchange rates, and also to the transfers of large amounts of funds under the Roca (Argentine) and Rothschild (Brazil) schemes for freeing frozen assets. Despite the general shrinkage which the decline in deposits has caused, cash at £9,633,000 and British Government securities at £914,000 represent together about one-third of the deposit total, so that the bank's strong position is unimpaired. Owing to the low rate of exchange ruling,

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Total Assets £48,845,000

Total Income exceeds £10,343,000

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street

the bank's capital employed abroad now shows a depreciation of £913,000, but the whole of this is covered by the contingency reserve, and the liquid position is such that the Bank can immediately take advantage of any improvement in conditions to expand its business.

Big Sugar Profits

Tate and Lyle, Ltd., the well-known sugar refiners, have by the past year's results further strengthened their claim as one of the leading British industrials. Net profits advanced by £272,500 to the record figure of £1,205,868, sums of £300,000 being placed to reserve, while the ordinary dividend has been increased from 17 per cent. to 22½ per cent., costing an additional £187,000. The strength of the Company's financial position may be judged by the fact that reserves now amount to £2,666,000, of which £1,450,000 is represented by cash. At £5 the shares yield 4½ per cent.

Carreras

In view of the fact that coupon trading has ceased, the profits of Carreras at £804,942, compared with £827,143 for the previous year, must be regarded as satisfactory. The 35 per cent. dividend is maintained and the cost of winding-up the coupon business, £297,000, is written off, the company providing £250,000 from development reserve and £47,000 from profits. The yield of 4½ per cent. on the shares is quite attractive.

A REALLY SAFE INVESTMENT!

SHARES ISSUED

AT **4% TAX FREE**
EQUIVALENT TO
£5.3.3%

NORWICH BUILDING SOCIETY

AN OLD SOCIETY WITH
A VERY LARGE PRO-
PORTION OF RESERVES

Mortgage Advances
exceed - £560,000
Due to Shareholders - £523,000
Reserves - - - - - £35,000

FULL DETAILS of the advantages offered to Investors or Borrowers are given in an interesting booklet—Free on request

CALL or
WRITE

HEAD OFFICE:
34 (17) Prince of Wales Rd.,
Norwich

Sec., G. G. CROOK, F.C.A.
London Office:
16 City Road, E.C.1

HOTELS and BOARDING HOUSES

LONDON { Recommended A.A. THE GRANTLEIGH

Inverness Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2.
A most modern and popular Hotel.

Everything to ensure luxurious comfort and service. Lift, Central Heating, H. & C. water all bedrooms. Over-bed light, etc. Cuisine quite a feature. Unrivalled position. Parks across the road. Buses and Tubes to everywhere a few steps away.

PERFECT QUIET DAY AND NIGHT

Garage. Phone: Bay. 3616. Night Porter
Terms are inclusive. No Extras.
From 3½ gns. single, 6 gns. double.
Daily from 12/6. B. B. & B., from 8/6.
Special terms to families. Tariff on request.
Resident Proprietor invites inspection.

LONDON'S FINEST YET QUIETEST POSITION

HOTEL STRATHCONA

25-26, LANCASTER GATE, W.2.

A few yards from Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, buses and Tubes to all parts. H. & C. water and gas fire in bedrooms. Ample bathrooms. Central Heating. Lift. Inclusive terms fr. 3 gns. p.w. 12s. dly. 7s. 6d. bed, breakfast and bath. NO EXTRAS. Good English food, well cooked, liberally served. Resident Proprietor.
Tariff on request. 'Phone: Padd 9797.

HOTELS and BOARDING HOUSES

LONDON ROYAL COURT HOTEL

SLOANE SQUARE, S.W.1.

130 rooms H. & C. Radiator & 'phone.
NEXT BEST TO A DE LUXE HOTEL
Renowned for good Restaurant
Continental service. Fully licensed.
Moderate En Pension and half Pension rates.

MATLOCK.—SMEDLEY'S.—Gt. Britain's Greatest Hydro. For Health, Rest, or Pleasure. 270 Bedrooms, grounds 10 acres. Inclusive terms from 13s. per day. Illus. Prospectus free. Two Resident Physicians.

BUDE.—Grenville Hotel. Charming First Class Hotel. Second to none in Cornwall, facing Atlantic. Beautiful Ball and Public Rooms. Sunday Golf. Xmas Festivities.

HASTINGS, ALBANY HOTEL. Best position on front. Telephone 761. 762. 120 Rooms.

NORTH CORNWALL. Rock Hotel, Rock (Licensed). Facing South. H. & C. Golf. (St. Enodoc) Hard Tennis Court. Surfing. Sea-fishing. Biding.

OBAN.—Great Western Hotel. Largest and Leading in West Highlands. A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C. and A.C. de France. 'Phone: Oban 4. Telegrams: Western: Oban.

3, GRANVILLE PLACE, W.1 (few yards Selfridge's), High-class Private Hotel: h. and c. basins; gas fires; central, quiet.—Miss Stuart.

PERSONAL

WANTED.—Bronze weapons, early Pottery, Roman, Saxon, Medieval, and other Antiquities. Good price given.—Lawrence, 7, West Hill, Wandsworth, London, S.W.18.

SCOTTISH DANCE. Ballroom and Bagpipe Teacher.—DOUGLAS TAYLOR, 8, Farnival Street, Holborn.

COLLECTOR has a few of rarest Oriental Ceramics; mostly unrepresented in any Museum or private collection (Outside Japan). About a dozen pieces, individually valued at about £50,000. Owner open to offer to secure lot for British Ownership. Owing to death duties, "K.O." must be sold, taken abroad, or destroyed shortly. Subject to sales in interim. "D" 2, Ticehurst Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23.

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS.—Woven from pure Cumberland wool, soft, weather resisting and good wearing. 10s. 6d. per yard, 35s. 6d. a suit length. Delightful range of patterns sent post free. Redmayne & Sons, Ltd., No. 77, Wigton, Cumberland.

HOUSES TO LET

FIREHOLD BUNGALOW, sell or let. Park Street, nr. St. Albans. 5 rms., bath rm., kit. Nrlly. 4-acre grd. "Bon Chance," 74, Nathans Road, North Wembley, London, Middlesex.

CINEMA

ARLISS AS THE IRON DUKE

By Mark Forrest

THE *Iron Duke*, at the Tivoli, has been long awaited and had a tremendous reception last week, but there will be many people who will be left wondering as to the exact composition of the iron.

Whenever there is a historical character of any importance to be played, it would appear that the eyes of the cinema magnates are glued on George Arliss, and George Arliss, whatever else he may have, does not seem to me to have much in common with the First Duke of Wellington. Needless to say, his performance is polished and he makes his points with a skill and precision that few of his contemporaries can emulate, but throughout the entire film he remains George Arliss and nobody else.

His is a nice personality which the screen has assiduously set itself to reproduce in every venture and so, whether he is playing a bit of Old England or a bit of New, his adoration of his wife, his love of home, his innate goodness and his irate exterior must be demonstrated. Mr. Saville has not failed him, and all these qualities are here in quantity, just as if the film had been directed in Hollywood by Mr. Green or some other eminent American director.

As magnificent, therefore, as the campaign of Waterloo is that of the Duchess of Angouleme; as important as the defeat of Napoleon is the defeat of Madame; as significant as the Duke's defence of his policy in the House of Lords is his defence of his home at Hyde Park Corner.

Those who go to see *The Iron Duke* and expect to find him will be disappointed; those who go to see George Arliss in a domestic crisis with the battle of Waterloo as a make-weight will get their money's worth. The sets at the famous ball and the open air shots of the battle are excellent, but historical accuracy is not much in evidence.

Apart from George Arliss, only a few people manage to stay in front of the camera long enough to give a glimpse of their quality. Among them is Gladys Cooper as the Duchess of Angouleme, who raises the storm over the Duke's attention to Lady Frances Webster, played by Lesley Wareing. Gyles Isham's Castlereagh, Edmund Willard's Ney and Allan Aynesworth's Louis XVIII are three other vignettes which stand out a little from a background which, while the dance and the battle are in progress is satisfying, but with the prominence of the scandal becomes flimsy, in spite of the sweetness of Ellaine Terriss as the Duchess of Wellington.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
THE BRILLIANT FRENCH Talking version of
Victor Hugo's Great Classic
"LES MISERABLES" (A)
with HARRY BAUR
SPECIAL CHILDREN'S PERFORMANCES
Every Saturday 11 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

MOTORING

THE EFFECT OF TAXATION

By Sefton Cummings

LORD NUFFIELD always has something interesting to say whenever he makes a public utterance. Recently he made some shrewd observations on the effect of the horse power tax, not only on the trade, but upon the employment problem in general and pleaded for its substitution by an increased tax on petrol.

As from January 1st next year, the horse-power tax will be considerably reduced. This reduction, at first sight, would seem to affect the owners of high-powered vehicles more than owners of light cars. Thus a rich man who formerly had to pay £75 per year will in future pay only £54.

But this is hardly a correct view, for the owners of such large motor cars are very few compared with the number of people who run small or medium-powered machines and the expense of maintaining these *de luxe* models is so great that a reduction of twenty-one pounds a year makes little difference to the annual budget.

Also, it must be remembered that such owners do not as a class go in for hire-purchase arrangements. They buy outright. And it is the customer who buys his car by instalments who is hardest hit by the present tax.

Take the case of a small car which is being offered for an initial payment of about £7 10s. 0d. and eighteen monthly payments of the same amount. In spite of the reduction of tax, the yearly licence and year's insurance premium which the hire-purchase finance houses insist upon will more than double his initial payment. This may make just the difference between the prospective buyer being able to purchase or not.

One argument in favour of abolishing the horse-power tax and increasing that on petrol is that new owners' initial payments would be reduced and that they would then be taxed on a "pay as you ride" system.

Another argument is that owners would no longer lay their cars up during the winter in order to save licence fees, but would use their cars all the year round whenever they required them. This, it is said with some justification, would lead to more employment for garage hands, washers and others employed in the trade.

It seems to me, however, that there would be dangers in abolishing the horse-power tax altogether and transferring the whole of it on to petrol. It would result, I think, in considerably less mileage being done which would mean not only that less petrol would be used, which would entail hardship on the distributing trade, but that cars would be worn out less quickly. This would be bound to re-act in time upon the manufacturers whose object in getting an alteration in the basis of taxation would thus be defeated.

The recent reduction in horse-power tax is by general consent a step in the right direction; but I think it would be as well to wait and see the result of this concession before rushing into any drastic revision of the basis of taxation.